THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

September, 1803.

LADY HAMILTON.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

☞ *Our Subscribers are respectfully informed, that a* wrong *Head of* Lady Hamilton *having, through the mistake of the Binders, been given with our last Number, when it was too late to be rectified, we now present them with the one originally intended, taken from a capital painting by* Romney; *and, it is needless to observe to Amateurs, engraved in a capital style.*

ON GOOD AND BAD.

GOOD and bad seem to be blended together through all nature, and sometimes to be confounded with each other. In man there seems to be certain vices and virtues which generally go together; and when we see, as we continually do, that some faulty characters please, and some virtuous characters displease, we ought to distinguish what in particular it is that pleases or displeases in them, and if we do, we shall find, at least I believe much oftener than we are aware of, that the virtuous character displeases only in the vicious part, and the vicious character pleases only in the virtuous part. It must, indeed, be confessed, that some *virtuous* characters displease us more, upon the whole, than some vicious characters; but then it happens, that the vice mingled in the virtuous character is of the most odious kind; for we are more offended with parsimony degenerated into avarice, than with liberality pushed on to profusion: And it should also be remembered, that there are some good and bad qualities, which partake very little either of virtue or vice, and will yet almost obscure the one, and atone for the other.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXI.

[Continued from page 79.]

Learn to be wise from others harm,
And you will do full well.
OLD BALLAD.

WHO is that I see (said I to an aged hind) seated on yon beetling cliff, that over-hangs the watery surge?—'Twas a meagre, diseased, half-cloathed figure, whose glaring eyes, and wandering conversation, too plainly spoke the wreck of reason.

"She was," replied the rustic moralizer, "once the flower of our village: beautiful as Aurora, dressed in the smiling rays of the approaching sun. Each heart acknowledged her excellence; in her presence every eye beamed joy. At that period she was the comfort of her only surviving parent, and the idol of the surrounding peasantry. Virtue was then the companion of her steps; now she is the victim of irreparable disgrace." "You have raised my curiosity," I rejoined. "May I ask you to tell me the cause of this melancholy catastrophe you so feelingly deplore?"

"Her story is short," replied the peasant. "If you will accompany me to the other side of the cliff, where my flocks are grazing, your wish shall be gratified. Alas! (he continued,) who would now recognize in those hollow cheeks, and that distorted countenance, the once beautiful and interesting Amelia Stanhope! Such, however, are the sure consequences of a wanton deviation from rectitude.

"The path of unhallowed pleasure is destruction to those who pursue it. Soon the voluptuous votary finds the roses, which every where met his view, fade at his touch; leaving only their thorns to rankle deep in his heart. Even in the indulgence of those pleasures for which he has forfeited every claim to moral

or

or social virtue, he is inhaling a poison that will inevitably shorten his existence, and send him before his allotted period, to the presence of that God he has so impiously offended." We had by this time reached the other side of the cliff, on the summit of which the subject of our conversation was sitting. My companion led my steps to a seat he had placed round the trunk of a spacious oak, whose pendant branches sheltered us from the fierce rays of a glowing sun.

"Mr. Stanhope, the father of Amelia," said my aged narrator, "was the pastor of our parish. Frequently have I listened with reverential awe to the doctrine that fell from his lips, as with mild persuasive eloquence he contrasted the happiness of a present and future state, in yon church, whose spire you may see through the opening of those trees.

"But he shone not merely in the pulpit: in his private life he was equally exemplary; being a steady friend to the unfortunate, a comforter to the afflicted, and an hospitable entertainer to those who claimed his protection.

"Amelia was still in the bloom of beauty, when she gave her hand in marriage to a worthy youth, who had gained her regards, and at that period possessed her entire love. The three first years of their union were passed in reciprocal acts of kindness and affection, during which period she gave birth to a son. But Amelia's virtues unfortunately were the effect of continued good example, rather than the result of principle, or a conviction that true happiness is only to be obtained by an unbroken series of virtuous deeds. Naturally of a weak and enervated mind, she had neglected to acquire a command over herself, and to give that stability to her character, which was essential to prevent her becoming the victim of systematic and unprincipled seduction. Had she at first turned a deaf ear to those flatteries paid to her vanity at the expence of her understanding, (which in her situation it was criminal to listen to,) she would have escaped those snares so

successfully spread for her destruction. The gilded lures of licentious pleasure were at first thrown with a cautious hand. By deliberate gradations, however, Amelia and her titled seducer arrived at the highest pitch of human infamy. When no longer able to conceal her situation, she accepted the offers of her new protector; leaving a doating father, a fond husband, and her child, the victims of her disgraceful conduct.

"A broken heart in a few weeks numbered the unfortunate Stanhope with the dead. His afflicted son-in-law followed his remains to the silent tomb. He returned to the parsonage: for since Amelia's defection, he had resided with his father. All was sad, gloomy, and solitary; every room spake the tidings of death. In vain he looked for the mild figure of his father, in cheering of whose sorrow he had in some degree diverted his own. No smile of anguish now met his moanings; no heart beat with reciprocal affliction at his throbs. The world, to his phrenzied view, appeared a receptacle of triumphant villainy. In a fit of despair, he brought his child to the top of this cliff, and plunged with it into the billowy surge. Three days and nights they were missed; on the fourth they were tossed on the beech, locked in each others arms. They were buried together. The villagers have planted a weeping willow over their graves, which seems anxious to bedew the spot where they repose.

"A splendid establishment had been prepared for Amelia, who for a while mixed in the vortex of dissipation. But soon she found how transient and fleeting are those pleasures whose basis is vice. Amidst the continued whirl of licentious gaiety in which she was tossed, the still small voice of conscience could not be heard. In the ball-room, at the opera, and the theatre, fancy would present her husband, her father, her child, to her mind, in all the misery she had involved them; and then would she regret her lost honour, and sigh for the virtuous path she had abandoned. These fits of repentance were, however, only tem-

temporary: she returned again to the indulgence of those dissipations which were now become necessary to her existence. She continued to live with her guilty paramour till the death of her father, and the subsequent death of her husband; and though her heart could not forget them, her tongue never pronounced their names.

"Amelia, as I have heard, was seated at breakfast surrounded by a swarm of gay reprobates, when the morning papers were brought in, teeming with the melancholy catastrophe I have already related. SUICIDE, in large characters, caught her eye, and prompted her to read. Soon as her eye skimmed the dreadful contents, her blood recoiled in her veins, her phrenzied eyes glared wild and horribly; and snatching a knife from the table, she was forcibly restrained from plunging it into her breast. From that moment, Reason forsook her seat, and she became the very wretch you now behold her. Nor did her iniquitous partner escape: for the first time, conscience made its appeal; and deep and terrible was its voice, like the thunder of heaven. His manifold crimes stood in fierce array before him, followed him whether in solitude or in a crowd, by night as well as by day, allowing no rest to his guilty soul; till at last, in a fit of horror, he sought a voluntary death, and thus heaped vengeance on his head.

"Amelia, at his decease, was turned destitute from the house by his successor, and passed by the parish, to which she would have otherwise become burthensome, to her native village. And now, when a just sense of the enormity of her offence might induce her to repent, and make her peace with heaven, reason denies its assistance. She can only rave in the wildness of despair; nor heeds that balm which humanity would pour into her wounds."

(To be continued.)

To

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

THRIFT AND LUXURY.

AN ESSAY.

I BY no means intend to assume the character, or intrude into the office, which has been so long, and so well sustained, by your OLD WOMAN, yet I am far gone in the vale of years; and however much, in common with my sex, I may dislike the title, I certainly am an Old Woman, and if I write at all, can only write like one. It would be in vain then for me to attempt writing in the character of one of the learned ladies of the present day, since "my speech would bewray me;" my garrulity, and the subjects (ancient ones) on which it would naturally be employed, would discover, that I was looking back to "the dear delightful days of youth," and making comparisons between them and the present.

As the times are certainly of a complexion to make every one think, who is capable of reflection at all, my thoughts have lately turned very much upon the present state of my country, and how my sex could most effectually co-operate with our fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers, (precious sounds in a female ear!) who are likely to be called to the last exertions in our defence. I remember to have heard my father and brothers, as I have been sitting beside them at my needle, talk of the Roman and Spartan women, and the great exertions and sacrifices they would make for their country. One instance, in particular, made a deep impression upon my mind, as you may judge by its remaining in my memory to this time; it related to the women of all ranks devoting their lovely tresses to be twisted into cords in the straitness of a siege. It is not for modern females to enter into my feelings at the patriotism of such a sacrifice, who can voluntarily cast so lovely an ornament away, and present to their lovers a counterfeit of so base an alloy, that imagination

tion struggles to turn from it, in order to avoid disgust. But that, in the then state of feminine feelings, the offering was accounted a strong expression of ardent love and devotion to the cause of their country, is evident by its having obtained a record in the grave page of history.

The result of my maturest thoughts on this subject is this, that we cannot do any thing more essentially serviceable to our country, than trying to bring back, what almost appears to me the age of gold, the last age, with its simple frugal manners. If this could be accomplished in a small degree, it would more than make up for all the additional burthens, which the present unexampled state of warfare in which we are engaged, calls us to; for, however we may murmur at taxes, we are certainly taxed ten times more by our luxuries; and a consideration as likely to have its weight with my sex as any, is, that I am bold to say, my fair countrywomen never possessed more absolute sway over the other sex, than in "the days when I was young!" In proof of these two assertions, I will draw a brief comparison of the manners of the times I *first* saw, and of those which I have *last* seen. And, I think, it may fairly be admitted in a comparative view, that *thrift* was the predominant feature of the last sge, and *profusion* that of the present. Hoarding might be termed the universal passion of the age preceding ours; and it was literally true, that heaps of gold actually rusted or cankered in the houses of the great land-owners, whose frugal families requiring little more than what the dairy and the farm supplied, had scarcely any other use for the sums a large rental produced, than to deposit them in a strong room, secured with an iron door, and this, perhaps, artfully concealed by the wainscot; so that few, even of the family, knew the way (the *via sacra)* that conducted to the Temple of Wealth. A traditionary election anecdote will confirm what is just said. A worthy Baronet, in the time of George the First, had to support a contested election in behalf of his eldest son. In the midst of the

the poll, the agent came to inform his employer, that, without more money, all was lost! The reply of Sir John was prompt and pithy: "*Bring another sack!*" It was immediately filled from the golden store-room of his ancestors, and conveyed on a horse to the county town.

Let us enlarge the picture, and image to ourselves, the careful mistress of the same mansion, and her excellent management, the prudent matron presiding among her lovely daughters, training them to adorn a similar station, with the same sobriety and conjugal virtues; what rich materials present themselves for heightening the colouring with *their* simple neatness, health, sweetness, innocence, sprightliness, and retired modesty; and then let us contrast the whole with the effects of the profusion which I venture to call the prevailing characteristic of the present day.

I shall not run much risk of contradiction, if I say of the domestic treasury in the rural mansions of our fathers, that, "it is not to be found." It is broken into and scattered, to support the continual whirl of dissipation in which wives and daughters, the almost immediate descendants of those just mentioned, are immersed; who are now to be met with in all public places, more than half-naked, almost without fixed habitations, like Tartar hordes; their time being chiefly spent in taverns, and on the road: and we even see advertisements of an apparatus for performing culinary operations in a coach; so that the wandering eastern tribes just alluded to, have, perhaps, the more permanent residence of the two.

And this brings me to what I have in view, namely, to consider the consequences to society, of this universal diffusion of the wealth so carefully treasured up in the last age, and particularly its influence on the state of that part of it, to which the changes in times and manners prove a serious business.

The higher ranks among men must always have their amusements; the world must have its idols; in one age parsimony; in another, luxury. These things may

may serve to amuse a thinking mind, as proving the irresistible influence of *fashion*, almost changing the nature of man. The comparison may, perhaps, excite a graver sensation in the breast of the politician, who, tracing the page of universal history, which shews the progress of nations from simplicity to refinement, from frugality to dissipation, finds the latter to be the forerunner of destruction.

But there is a class among us, which can never be taught to regard hunger and nakedness as an amusement, which may adapt the language of the frogs in the fable to their own case, and say to the profuse and luxurious, "Though these things are sport to you, they are misery to us!" If I might hope to obtain the ear of the young, the lovely and elegant part of my own sex, I would beseech them to consider, whether the baleful effects of their luxury have not descended to the lower classes, and produced that general corruption, that spirit of insubordination, which threatens to sap the very foundations of society; and whether or not they must not acknowledge it to be just, that they should tremble at the effects to be expected from the change their example has produced among an industrious, thrifty, comfortable, and therefore contented and loyal poor.

These remarks are not made with the vain hope of stemming the overwhelming torrent of *luxury;* my observations shall rather be pointed at what I would call the *wantonness* of luxury, the insolence of profusion, which, without bringing any advantage to the sons and daughters of excess, aggravates the evils of poverty, and subjects the poor to insult, in addition to want.

If you shall encourage me, Sir, by inserting this, I will, in a future number of your favourite Museum, explain myself more fully, by familiar and every-day incidents, which too clearly confirm the truth of what is above advanced.

W. J.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP.

A FRAGMENT.

"SPARE me a trifle to purchase food, to alleviate the distresses of a friend," said a poor emaciated being, whose tattered garb, and care-worn cheek, delineated penury and wretchedness. Astonished at the nobleness of the request from so miserable a creature, I demanded, if he himself stood not in need of nourishment. His eye glistened with a tear, as he replied, "Alas! I am so; not even a morsel has entered these lips since yesterday morning. I am fainting with want."

"Then why require assistance for your friend, when nature craves sustenance for yourself?"

"Ah, Sir! he has been an invariable friend to me; and shall I not make exertions for him, when otherwise he would perish? Shall I leave him a prey to wanton cruelty and brutality? No, Sir, never, while I keep his faithfulness to me in remembrance."

"What, is he infirm?

"He has had the misfortune, Sir, to have one of his legs broke."

"I suppose you attend on him?"

"Of course I do, Sir. I love him as my life. Faithful fellow, with what fond affection he looks me in the face, what pleasure sparkles in his eyes when I approach him!—I gave him my last crust this morning; could I do less? Did he not once save my life? Has he not, by his faithful attachment, fully convinced me of his affection; and shall I ever desert him? No, my tried, my *only friend*, never!"

The energy with which he spoke, while the tear-drop stood in either eye, very much interested me in his behalf. At the same time, I must acknowledge, his firm attachment to his friend, *so unlike the friendship of modern times*, merited the highest reward. But how was I astonished, when he informed me, that his tried, his faithful friend, was his companion, Tray, his invaluable Dog!

St. Pancras. EDMUND.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

"SWEEP, Sweep," was the plaintive cry of a little boy, who seemed about five years of age, who was tottering under a sack, and the usual implements of his trade: he stopped against a post, and wiped the falling tears off his little dingy cheek. A piece of dry, hard, brown bread, besmeared with soot, was in one hand; the other was occupied in keeping his sack on his shoulders. This object interested me. I went up to him, and requested to know the reason of his crying. "I am very hungry, and tired, Sir," sobbed the poor little fellow. "Can't you eat what you have in your hand?" "No, Sir, I can't bite it; it is too hard." "Have you had your breakfast?" "This is my breakfast, Sir, but it is so hard I cannot eat it." "Why don't you tell your master you can't eat it?" "Oh! Sir, he'll beat me, and call me very bad names, and take it away from me." "How long have you been with your master?" "I don't know, Sir; a long while I think. I do nothing but cry for my mammy." "What have you got a mother living?" "No, Sir; she's gone into the pit-hole." The innocence, the artlessness of this infant would have melted a heart of stone. I was fully determined, if possible, to relieve him, and snatch him from unavoidable destruction. During my cogitations, a man came up, and seizing one of the poor boy's ears, wrung it with such violence, that he shrieked with agony; and with the most abandoned language, upbraided the child with idleness. He was preparing to repeat his ill usage, when I arrested his arm. He looked at me, and with that assurance that always accompanies ignorance, with the utmost vulgarity and abuse, demanded of me, what business I had with him. I endeavoured to expostulate with the fellow, but it only enraged him the more; and seizing the boy by one of his arms, with savage ferocity, he dragged him away. "Inhuman brute!" I

exclaimed, "You shall not go unpunished. Your brutality shall meet its due reward." I took the necessary steps, and had the satisfaction of seeing villainy punished, and innocence protected.

How painful it is to a mind susceptible of feeling, to behold youth in the power of men devoid of all sense of humanity and gentleness! How many wretched orphans are in this manner disposed of during their very childhood, taught every degree of wickedness, and when they arrive at maturity, associating with beings of the lowest and vilest cast; callous to every sense of honesty and decorum, and in the midst of vulgar dissipation, glory in their misdeeds! Happy is it for these wretched objects, when those whose philanthropy does them the highest credit, whose humanity prompts them to put in execution a plan of the greatest benefit to the helpless orphan, and utility to the public at large, are disposed to act.

ORIGIN OF THE CORINTHIAN ORDER.

A MARRIAGEABLE young lady of Corinth fell ill, and died. After the interment, her nurse collected together sundry ornaments with which she used to be pleased; and, putting them into a basket, she placed it near her tomb. Lest they should be injured by the weather, she covered the basket with a tile. It happened that the basket was placed on a root of *acanthus*, which, in the spring, shot forth its leaves, and these, turning up the side of the basket, naturally formed a kind of volute, in the turn given by the tile to the leaves. Fortunately, Callimachus, a very ingenious sculptor, passing that way, was struck with the beauty, elegance and novelty of the basket surrounded by the leaves of the acanthus; and, according to this idea or example, he afterwards made columns for the Corinthians, ordaining the proportions such as constitue the Corinthian order.

THE

THE POST-OFFICE SPY.

PACKET VII.

MISS HARPUR *to* MRS. HARPUR *in Cumberland.*

My dear Mother, *London, May* 18.

THE little billet I dispatched to you last week, was merely to assure you of my safe arrival in this busy, gay metropolis. The novelty of the scene has now in some measure worn off; and as my ideas are more collected, I will endeavour to describe to you some of the first impressions I received; not merely with regard to the buildings, amusements, &c. but leaving them to the abilities of those descriptive travellers who have leisure to observe and distinguish accurately, and derive profit from the employment, I will try to amuse you, by sketching a few characters which I take to be originals; though I have been informed they are but duplicates of all the fashionables at the west end of the town. It was about twelve o'clock when we reached Guildford-Street. Mrs. H. was in the parlour; the breakfast things were on the table, and I rather ignorantly imagined she had been waiting. She has certainly been a fine woman; but forgive me if I say art now is called in to conceal the ravages of time: this at first sight shocked me, but I am now reconciled to it, as many ladies at fifty in town, now appear about eight-and-twenty at the distance of ten yards. Mr. W——— introduced me: she received me with great complacency, and said "that Mr. H. had spoken in such terms of me, that she could not have existed, had not you permitted me to pass a few months with her girls." I enquired if the ladies were out. "Bless me! no, I suppose not," was her answer. "I have not seen them: they were at the Opera last night; I was at Lady Bas-

set's rout: indeed, I seldom leave my room till three: but expecting you this morning, I came down, as Mr. H. is generally out before nine." I thought Mrs. H. a very indifferent wife, and careless mother, not to breakfast with her husband, nor know where her children were; but I then knew nothing of fashionable life. Mrs. H. rang the bell: a servant appeared. "Tell Miss H. if she is stirring, that her cousin Harpur is here. Will you take some chocolate, my dear?" I took a cup; and in about half an hour the ladies made their appearance. I thought they were indisposed, for they had both mobbed caps on, large cravats, and gowns wrapped so close round them, that one could not see a bit of skin, but their hands; and to them Mrs. H. made an instantaneous compliment, exclaiming, before a word of salutation had passed, "Heavens! Letitia, why what have you done to your hands? they are as red as the cook's. Do, for mercy's sake, get some Bandanna soap, or use more cold cream: you are absolutely a figure! and, do you hear? take Miss Harpur to your dressing room, and modernize her a little: we will go to the exhibition to day." I need not make any observations on a speech in which the tenderness of a mother was so strongly manifested. I accompanied the ladies to their apartment; and judge of my astonishment at the metamorphosing which took place. Their wrappers were thrown off; their hair tied up tight by the roots, and pinned on the top of their heads with a variety of large bows, while the front hung in strings down their cheeks, as if they had been dipped in water: their necks were bared down to their shoulders behind, and hardly decent before; and their gown sleeves so short, that I was in pain to see them. However, I was obliged to have mine cut in the same manner; and though I at first was perished with cold, custom has reconciled me to it already: such is the force of habit, that the most preposterous things, if not repelled at first, steal on us, till we do not notice the absurdity. But, dear Mamma,

Mamma, how shall I shock you, by saying that Mrs. H. in spite of her age, gives way to the torrent of fashion, and is equally undressed with her daughters! Miss H. affects to be a languid beauty; she seldom speaks louder than a whisper, never fatigues herself by doing any thing, and can remember nothing but her pleasurable engagements. Letitia H. is loud and boisterous, continually tries to thwart her sister, drives the groom down Bond-street in their curricle, and aims at notoriety. I am so much taken up with the sisters, that I have had little time to bestow on Mr. H. who seems a mere cypher in his family. Dinner time being the only hours the family spend together, I must not omit to mention that young Mr. H. is at home. He is a beau of the first rate; dresses in the most outrè style; spends his morning in lounging, yawning, and picking his teeth; his evenings in drinking, swearing, rattling dice, or making a disturbance in the theatre. He is to go to college soon, where he says he shall have more his own way: I think that a great pity. The only reading we have here, is what the newspaper contains, out of which every one fishes their favourite intelligence. Mr. H. reads the debates, price of stocks, foreign intelligence, &c. Mrs. H. the fashions, advertisements of servants who want places, of which, for amusement, she holds a levee every morning, and the list of fashionable parties in the week. Miss H. takes down the directions of the venders of quack medicines and cosmetics. Letitia, Tattersal's sales, scandalous anecdotes, births, marriages, and auctions. And Mr. Lawrence H. confines himself to the army promotions, and proceedings in the court of King's Bench. We carry work-bags wherever we go; but they are merely to supply the office of a pocket, and contain purse, memorandum-book, rouge, and mirror. All this may appear strange to you, who live so remote from London; but it is very true, and what is practised by all who visit here. I am perfectly reconciled to it, and pass my time very pleasantly indeed. I could wish the dispositions of the family were more

amiable, but they are past correction now. Miss H. has an admirer; and when he is absent, we are wearied to death with her jealous fancies and solicitude on his account. Letitia, I am sorry to say, has formed an imprudent attachment to one of her father's household, of which she has made me the confidant: the young man may have merit, but her friends, I am sure, would not approve of the connection. I must tell you that, among other sights, we have been to Mr. Porter's painting of the battle of Alexandria, with which I was much gratified. I have since been introduced to his family, in which the Muses seem to have taken up their abode; and I am happy in giving my testimony to the worth of this ingenious young man: he is the most attentive son, and attached brother, I have ever met with; and, in addition to the surprising talents with which he contributes to the comforts of his family, he possesses many agreeable accomplishments, which render his society a pleasure and advantage to all who know him. How much is this character contrasted by that of young H. who seems to exist for himself alone! Adieu, dear Mamma: I am summoned by my aunt:

Yours, most dutifully,
E. HARPUR.

MRS. HARPUR *to* MISS HARPUR.

My dear Girl, *Cumberland, May* 28.

It is painful to me to abridge your pleasures; but I fear your stay in London cannot be so long as I at first proposed. I am alarmed for you beyond measure. In one respect I am glad that you have so early acquainted me with the characters of my brother's family. Though I never could admire those corresponding Misses, who go into a family, and return the civilities they receive, by drawing caricatures of every individual for the diversion of their acquaintance; yet what shall I say to the weak girl, who first points out absurdity and indelicacy, and afterwards acknowledges

that

that habit has reconciled her to it; even to the practice of it? For shame, Eliza, look in the glass; you will scarcely know your own portrait! I sincerely lament the weakness of Mr. H. in permitting such errors to creep into his family, which, by timely care, might have been prevented; and agree with you, that the mother, who is only solicitous concerning the whiteness of her daughter's hands, is unworthy of that sacred title; and I wonder not at the imprudence they are guilty of, while under such a protector! But though your description is written in a playful manner, and your discrimination just, your style displeases me; it has a vein of irony which I detest: there is nothing more unamiable in a young woman, than a propensity to satire, which is, in general, but the cloak of malice. No wit, no ingenuity, can make amends for this proof of a depraved heart: correct yourself, therefore, in time, my beloved girl, least that also become habitual. With respect to dress, I know that country people, who at first start at every little deviation from the old fashioned model, are generally apt to run into the other extreme; but I expect different conduct from you; a decent medium is always admirable. Those who are plain in person, are disfigured by extravagant decoration: those who have charms, require no aid. By observing that commendable mediocrity, you may shame the eccentric; if not, let them pursue their own path; yours is the safest, and that which must occasion you the least trouble. Beyond all, my dear, beware how you advise your confidential friend Letitia. Lead her by gentle admonitions to what is right; but do not, by betraying the trust she has reposed in you, drive her to what is wrong. As to Miss H. I pity the weakness of her mind, for groundless jealousy is ever a proof of conscious self-deficiency. Young H. is too frivolous for notice: the less you have to do with him, the better. And far better will it be, if you soon, very soon, return to the arms of your affectionate mother,

M. HARPUR.

THE FARM HOUSE STORY:

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. OVERTON, a Gentleman of Fortune.
EDWARD OVERTON, his Nephew, betrothed to Lady Angelina.
SIR FREDERICK FLUTTER, a Man of Fashion.
MR. WALSINGHAM, Guardian to Lady Angelina.
HEDGELAND, a Farmer.
TOM, his Son.
DR. SOPORIFIC, the Village Apothecary, Farrier, and Music-Master.

LADY ANGELINA CHATTERTON, a rich Heiress.
MISS GABBLEWELL, her Friend.
MRS. WOODBURY, a reduced Gentlewoman.
JESSY WOODBURY, her Daughter.
MARY BLIGH, a Dairy Maid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

BATH.

The House of Mr. Walsingham.

Enter LADY ANGELINA, *followed by* SIR FREDERICK FLUTTER, *who kisses her hand.*

Lady A. NAY, nay, Sir Frederick, I must not be flattered so continually: you will turn my little head giddy with your compliments. You men have generally some sinister purpose to answer when so lavish of your praises.

Sir Fred. Charming woman! why will you trifle with my feelings? You know that my heart has long been captive to your beauty.

Lady A. I know not whether it would not be an equal proof of your understanding, were you candidly to acknowledge that it is captivated by the beauties of ten thousand pounds.

Sir

Sir Fred. Wrong me not by such a supposition. Oh, could I but prove the sincerity of my affection.

Lady A. (Significantly.) Suppose I should please to give you an opportunity.

Sir Fred. Cruel girl! do not deceive me with false hopes. Alas! it is now too late: Mr. Overton is expected every moment, and I must lose you.

Lady A. (After a pause, and with some embarrassment.) What if I could devise a plan to break off this dreaded match?

Sir Fred. You would make me the most happy of my sex!

Lady A. Hear, then. Some pecuniary embarrassments, of which my guardian is ignorant, have reduced my fortune to half of its reputed amount.

Sir Fred. (Surprised.)—Lady Angelina! what! Ah! that is the story you intend to tell!!

Lady A. It is no fabrication, I assure you: it is too true.

Sir Fred. (Aside.) The devil it is! I must know more of this: it may be but a trick to try me.

Lady A. I think Mr. Overton is too mercenary to let his nephew marry me thus circumstanced, and for worlds I would not deceive any one. But I hear Miss Gabblewell: let us change the subject.

Sir Fred. She is in your confidence?

Lady A. partially so.

Enter MISS GABBLEWELL.

Miss G. I wonder the Overtons are not arrived: Edward is a lingering lover. Are not you very angry, Lady Angelina?

Lady A. Quite the reverse; I am not impatient.

Miss G. (Sarcastically.) That is not astonishing, while you have such an ardent and accomplished substitute as Sir Frederick Flutter—He! he!

Sir Fred. (Pointedly.) Lady Angelina is not now to learn how much I admire and esteem her.

Miss

Miss G. (Aside.) Hem. I thought so; an artful minx. Ah, my dear Lady Angelina, you are an enviable woman. I hope the *creatures* will not spoil you. But, I forgot: your guardian wishes to see you in the library.

Lady A. A lecture on gadding, I dare say. Well, I attend. Adieu, Sir Frederick. But I say, *(Whispers;)* Miss Gabblewell's fortune is larger than mine now. Profit by the hint.

Sir Fred. Tormenting angel! why will you doubt me? *(Exit Lady A.*

Miss G. You seem to have put her ladyship into excellent spirits at the expence of your own; I never saw you so dull.

Sir Fred. You may well accuse me: your raillery has chagrined me.

Miss G. It bordered so much on truth!

Sir Fred. Pardon me: it created astonishment that you could suppose me serious in my attentions to Lady Angelina.

Miss G. Why, to be sure, I know she is the silliest of her sex: but I did not doubt the attractions of her fortune, with which any moppet may succeed.

Sir Fred. I understand it is considerably diminished by her extravagance.

Miss G. I thought no one knew that secret but myself.

Sir Fred. She just now told me so; but I did not credit her.

Miss G. You may; for few else will now. Ha! ha! *(Aside.)* And so shall Edward. Her ingenious ladyship shall find that I can write letters on my own account, as well as on hers. Ah, well, Sir Frederick, it is a painful office to point out the errors of a *friend*; but I always thought a man of your discernment must perceive that Lady Angelina is the most vain, inconsiderate, frivolous being in existence.

Sir Fred. I have, indeed, seen her numerous foibles: but you will at least allow she has given *one*

proof of her judgment, in selecting you for a *friend* and counsellor.

Miss G. Ah, very true: young ladies sometimes require one they can depend on to keep their secrets.

Sir Fred. And your fidelity is unquestionable.

Miss G. I hope her Ladyship's ungovernable levity will never oblige me to betray her. Heaven knows I would be the last person to insinuate any thing to her disadvantage; but I have my doubts!

Sir Fred. (Looking at his watch.) Bless me, how time flies when scandal is the topic! It is late.

Miss G. Do you attend us to the rooms?

Sir Fred. Certainly.

Miss G. Lady Angelina is to dance with her guardian, as young Overton is not arrived: he thinks it most decorous: he is a queer, old-fashioned, formal brute.

Sir Fred. Though a good-looking young man.

Miss G. Oh, if he had but your gallantry, Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. (Aside.) This is the bait I must bite. Perhaps you will honor me with your hand, Miss Gabblewell.

Miss G. (Tenderly.) Insensible must the woman be who could refuse Sir Frederick a favour so modestly solicited.

Sir Fred. Oh, for pity's sake, spare me. Good morning.

Miss G. Adieu, *(Exit* Sir Fred.*)* Yes, yes, I have him: I see he is caught, and I may be Lady Flutter when I please! shall I? No, he is too poor; and Edward, adored Edward! I will be thine alone. *(Exit.*

SCENE II.

THE LIBRARY.

MR. WALSINGHAM *and* LADY ANGELINA.

Lady A. You desired to see me, Sir.

Mr.

Mr. W. I did, my dear. Previous to your marriage, I wish to deliver to you some papers, as it is my intention to go abroad very soon.

Lady A. Indeed, Sir! Is your health impaired?

Mr. W. Not materially, Lady Angelina; but the derangement of my affairs renders it essential. Some severe losses—But tell me sincerely, before we part, are you satisfied with my guardianship?

Lady A. Oh, Sir, my heart can feel, but my tongue cannot speak, my gratitude for your fatherly care.

Mr. W. Enough; under the protection of a husband, amiable as Edward, I shall have little to fear for you. At present I am in a continual state of anxiety.

Lady A. On my account, Sir?

Mr. W. Wholly. Your flirtation with that gay Baronet gives me pain.

Lady A. (With assumed gaiety.) But it gives me pleasure.

Mr. W. Fie, Angelina, I did not think your heart was depraved.

Lady A. My dear Sir, did not you know that the heart of woman is inexplicable?

Mr. W. I am concerned to find how ignorant I was.

Lady A. Suppose I enlighten you.

Mr. W. This levity is insupportable.

Lady A. This severity is unjustifiable.

Enter MISS GABBLEWELL.

Miss G. Another têtê a têtê. Lady Angelina, the carriage waits, and you are not yet dressed.

Mr. W. I have detained her Ladyship. Another time we will settle this business; I will prepare to attend you to the rooms, and be ready in a few minutes.

(Exeunt severally.

(To be continued.)

To

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Sir,

IT has been frequently asserted, that the mental endowments of men are infinitely superior to those of women; but I cannot conceive wherein the boasted superiority consists. Why are not women capable of making equal attainments with men? Can it be said that their natural powers forbid their equal flight? No; for observation proves, that their not rising so high in the literay world, is not to be attributed to the want of natural abilities, but to some other cause. We read in some few, whose minds are cultivated, evident marks of genius. You will allow, Sir, that each set out from a state of absolute ignorance. Well, then, in their youth they are by no means backward: as they advance in years, and study, their minds naturally expand; they give equal proof of improvement with man, and in no case whatever are they behind him. They possess a strength of reason equal to ours at that age, and can attain the knowledge of every thing they are required to do with at least an equal facility: but after they arrive to a certain degree of knowledge, they possess no more advantages, and are deprived of almost every means of improvement.

We look around us with regret; for we can scarce find a woman even desirous of advancing in her scale of being. We naturally enquire the cause: I cannot think, as I before observed, that it is for want of natural capacity; for their not being desirous of making those attainments with man, abundantly proves to me, that their education has not only been greatly neglected, but also greatly perverted. Their means of improvement have been so confined, and the motives which have been used to stimulate them to diligence, so mean and low, they tend infinitely more to make them neglect every thing that is really worth pursuing,

pursuing, than to stir them up to excel in any one instance.

Those books which are calculated to enlighten the understanding, and are read with the utmost avidity by man, are purposely kept from the sight of the fair, with this observation, "That if they are capable of answering a plain question, and are not quite stocks and stones in conversation, it will do exceedingly well for them, as women were not designed to shine as much as men, or are not capable of it." But were we not made for companions for each other; whilst travelling through a wilderness, to aid each other; and by friendship to strengthen each others hands by sympathy? If, then, the female sex be so far below ours, and is incapable of raising its feeble head high as angelic man, from whence arose a Woolstonecraft, and many others, who, despising those mean, debasing sentiments, expanded their souls? And were they disappointed? Did they fail in the attempt? Did they prove to the world, that womans' abilities were infinitely less than those of a man? No, they reflected immortal honour on their sex.

O, ye injured, noble fair in this, follow their example; arise to a consciousness of your true worth; you have souls like them, equally capable of soaring with a Newton, with a Milton: lie no longer in disgrace, while you may awake to honour, to glory, to conquest: confine not your soul, stretch it to its utmost bound; seize every opportunity of improving your mind; and, in spite of those who would bind you in everlasting subjection, evidence you have souls as well as they; and, by your conduct, keep them for ever in silence.

ASPASIO.

THE JUVENILE MONITOR.

BY EDWIN.

NO. VIII.

ON SEDUCTION.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
  A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
  Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
  Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
  Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

THAT the miseries to which mankind are exposed in this earthly pilgrimage are incalculable, is a position which is, I believe, universally allowed, and which sad experience daily renders more indisputable. To whatever object, or subject, we direct our attention, we shall find, alas! that vicissitude and anguish are principal ingredients in its composition. The shafts of Adversity pierce the most elevated, as well as the humblest, spheres of life; no state, no circumstances, can claim exemption from what I might term, the *universal doom;* but all alike are born to trouble. In this our probationary situation, there is no complete happiness; every thing is precarious; friends, health, and riches, are possessions which, when in their highest enjoyment, we can scarcely call our own; and, above all, upon so unstable a foundation does the fabric of our very existence depend, that if in this inhospitable world only we have hope, we are, indeed, most miserable. In our most populous cities, but more particularly in the Metropolis, scenes of wretchedness every moment present themselves to view: to enumerate them, however, according to the remark made in the outset of my paper, is impracticable; neither, were it otherwise, would the pursuit be attended with

satisfaction or advantage. I shall, therefore, in the present paper, confine myself to one of the least regarded, but not least afflictive, sources of misery, which, owing to the villainy of my own, and the too credulous simplicity of the fairer sex, produces such a multiplicity of evils. When speaking, however, of the calamities of life, it is necessary to make a distinction between those sent by the hand of Providence on messages of mercy, and those by sinful indulgencies, and palpable errors, we bring upon ourselves. Who, that possesses a mind not totally insensible to feeling and humanity; who, that, in his commerce with this unfriendly world, has not entirely forgotten every tender sentiment, and all the finer sensibilities of the heart, but must drop a tear for the poor female outcasts of society, who nightly present themselves to his view in the principal streets of this mart of luxury and dissipation? who, that is yet in possession of one benevolent sensation, but must weep to behold so many beautiful emblems of Nature's finest workmanship, procuring, by infamy and vice, a wretched subsistence and when, too, every concomitant circumstance is taken into consideration, parents, by the misconduct of children, brought to untimely graves; society robbed of many of its fairest ornaments, capable, had they but continued walking in paths of comparative innocence, of producing so inconceivable a portion of happiness; capable of being good children, good parents, affectionate wives, and amiable members of Christian society: who, that thus reflects upon the melancholy reverse, but must weep, poor deluded sisters, for your present condition? The hardships to which ye are exposed, the inclement seasons ye are compelled to endure, the diseases to which ye are liable; when we consider these things, and the frailty of these mortal bodies, we cannot but look upon ye as within one step of the grave. And, oh, God, when we remember this world is not your abiding city, but, on the contrary, a short, fluctuating and probationary pilgrimage, and that,

that, after its expiration, there will come, at an appointed season, a great judgment-day, in which the books will be opened, wherein is most accurately noted every idle word ye have spoken, every sinful action ye have committed, and every vicious desire which has had a place in your bosoms; and when we further remember, ye are to be judged out of these books; what, oh! what will become of ye, if the righteous shall scarcely be saved? What will be your doom? But, perhaps, ye have been unfortunate, and are not altogether criminal. A seducer ——. In the season of youthful ardour, did you, too credulous fair one, listen to the syren voice of love? did vows and repeated protestations beguile you, when yet unacquainted with the wiles of man? from the happy path of virtue, did fascinating pictures of connubial love, and most sacred promises of marriage, induce you to trust your reputation, and your peace, in the hands of him on whom you bestowed your affections? and did he, acting more like a devil than a man, did he, inhuman ruffian, prove treacherous? did he rob you of your most invaluable treasure, seduce you from the parental roof, and then basely cast you upon the wide world, to seek by *prostitution* a scanty pittance? Alas! my poor sister, for, criminal as you have been, you yet have been unfortunate, how my heart bleeds for you! Where can you turn for succour? who will receive you, poor outcast! Behold, oh, man, yon wretched, ragged female, beautiful e'en in ruins; she once was happy, smiled in all the innocent gaiety of youth, health, and spirits: on her a tender father gazed delighted, an indulgent mother wept transported: but, alas! she stabbed them to the heart, in return for all their kindness, and is herself now sinking under the double weight of a diseased body, and afflicted mind. Direct, oh, man, your attention to this poor, houseless child, and cry out in triumph, if thou canst, "This is my work!" A seducer is a character one would have supposed too vile for existence; but, alas! experience, to the dis-

grace of human nature, proves it to be too true; and a public instance of its baneful effect in the person of Nature's child, "Poor Mary of Buttermere," having lately attracted universal attention, it is earnestly to be hoped, will operate under the influence of a merciful Providence, in displaying the horrid crime of seduction in colours too bright and afflictive to be passed away in silence and fashionable indifference.—A seducer! and is there really a character vile enough to take pleasure in *propagating corruption by vitiating principles, of not only drawing others from the paths of virtue, but blocking up the way by which they should return, of having blinded them to every beauty, but the paint of pleasure; and deafened them to every call, but the alluring voice of the syrens of destruction.

I have been led into this train of reflection from the following circumstance. A few evenings ago, as I was returning from a visit to a friend, a young female attracted my attention. There was an interesting melancholy in her countenance, which induced me to enter into conversation with her; and, on expressing my surprise and concern to see so young and elegant a female (for she did not appear to be more than eighteen) in her situation, she heaved a deep sigh, and, after entering into a slight explanation, requested I would accompany her to a neighbouring house, where she would most willingly unfold to me her state. I did so; and, after some introductory discourse, and an earnest request, on my part, that she would relate the leading features of her life, without either detraction or exaggeration, she thus began. "I was born, Sir, (said she,) in C——b—y; of parents highly respectable; and though they were not wealthy, they possessed an independent competency. I was their only child."—Her tears here almost choaked her utterance, 'till, at length, summoning up, as it were, all her spirits to the recital, she exclaimed, "But I must not,

* Dr. Johnson.

not, dare not reflect." Resuming, however, after a short pause, the thread of her narrative, "I was educated," continued Matilda, (for by that name I shall at present designate her,) "in a style suited to my rank, and was almost idolized by my fond parents, whose excess of indulgence, perhaps, tended to my ruin. When but seventeen, a young gentleman of fortune took up his abode in the town where we resided. I was introduced to him: his appearance was of the most attractive kind; the blushes of the morning seemed to be lighted up in his cheeks, which glowed with health, whilst wit, apparently tempered with good humour, beamed from his dark eyes, whose hue was softened, without being concealed, by a pair of long eye lashes of the deepest brown. His manners were so fascinating, that my father became exceedingly fond of him, and our house was at all hours open for his reception. It is easy, Sir, to foresee the too fatal consequences. We became, as I fondly thought, mutually attached; we exchanged sentiments, vowed eternal fidelity to each other; and my seeming lover solemnly protested his intentions were honourable. I, blindly partial to the man I loved, placed entire confidence in him; and he, villain like, robbed me of my richest treasure. After this direful event, I was, in truth, very miserable; but as my then dear Edward comforted me by renewed promises, and I considered myself as within a few days of becoming his for ever, I soon became reconciled, and comfortable. However, to our union, and under the idea that it would prevent any unnecessary time elapsing previous to our marriage taking place, with the most consummate hypocrisy, and deep-laid design, he used all the softest expressions, and most persuasive eloqence, to induce me to quit my parental roof; and painted the prospect of our future bliss in such alluring colours, that I too fatally fell into the snare, and consented to a private elopement. What occurred afterwards, you will excuse me the pain of a minute recital: suffice it to say,

we went immediately to Bath, where my seducer behaved to me for some time with the most affectionate tenderness; but always found excuses, potent and multifarious, when I pressed for the performance of his promises, and fulfilment of his engagements. He assured me, particular circumstances prevented it for a short time; but always gave me consolation, by protesting, our marriage should take place soon; and thus, by the baseness of my once loved Edward, was I beguiled, day after day, until my situation was no longer to be concealed, and I gave birth to a son, the pledge of mutual endearment. He seemed now to re-double his attentions, and vowed, as soon as I was sufficiently recovered to attend him to the altar, he would make me his for ever. But, alas! a few mornings after he had thus soothed the anxiety of my mind, a letter was brought to me. Astonished, I perceived it was my Edward's hand. I eagerly broke the seal, and conceive, if possible, my surprize and situation, when I discovered it was to inform me, cruel and irresistible necessity compelled him to part from me. He called Heaven to witness with what inexpressible anguish he quitted my fond embraces; but closed, alas! by saying, "Matilda, we must never meet again. Farewell for ever." I had scarcely time to finish the fatal letter, ere the blood forsook my already pallid cheek, my eyes grew dim, and I sunk senseless from my chair. It was with difficulty I was recovered; but a little time, with medical assistance, brought me to myself; and my enmity against the man who could thus basely deceive, and then desert, her whom he had so often sworn to love, leaving her an outcast upon this inhospitable world, without friends or money, arose to such a height, that I was resolved he should not, if he ever again heard of me, have even the satisfaction of knowing that he had made me miserable. I therefore assumed an air of gaiety, in truth, I was far from possessing; and as soon as I was able, I set out for London with twenty pounds in my pock-

et, the amount of the sum the base Edward sent me in his letter; but that being soon exhausted, I commenced, Sir, the miserable life you see I now live. I could not bear the idea of returning to my parents, who, I have since been informed, bent under the weight of affliction my conduct brought on their devoted heads, both, in less than ten months after my elopement, fell asleep in the grave. My child paid the forfeit due to nature soon after my arrival in this metropolis, where I have been more than six months in infamy and wretchedness. This, Sir, is my simple narrative: the events of it are common; but though common, they are not the less deeply afflictive; and my present state is so miserable, that I would most willingly embrace an humble employment, or even a laborious servitude, rather than continue as I now am. Oh! Sir, if you were but acquainted with the anguish of this bosom, the tears of sorrow which issue from these eyes when the lonely hours of reflection recur, your heart would, must bleed for me. If then, Sir, you possess, in reality, (for I may be permitted to doubt,) the compassion you express for my hapless lot, exert yourself for me, and, if in your power, conduct me from the scenes of vice and inconceivable wretchedness by which I am surrounded, to some safe asylum, where, removed from the mental as well as bodily sufferings I am here compelled to endure, I may spend the remnant of my days in a zealous regard for true religion, and humble penitence for my past conduct. So may I even yet obtain that peace which this world of woe can never give." "Yes, (answered I,) my Matilda, I will exert myself for you, and trust, ere long, to lead you hence; and placing you in some retirement, "far in the windings of a woody vale," with few, but liberal and religious, associates, be the happy instrument of abridging your present portion of wretchedness, and of promoting your eternal salvation in another and better world, where the bliss will be as inconceivable, and its duration as boundless,

less, as our enjoyments here below are fluctuating, and our best laid schems visionary and fading. Do not despond; the compassion of the Deity is as illimitable, as his justice is infinite. Rely upon Him who died, that, through the shedding of his precious blood, you might obtain pardon; and take comfort from this assurance, that, with the great universal Parent, mercy is a distinguishing attribute; and on your sincere repentance, and amendment, will be so extended to you, that finally you will be made a partaker of the bright and enduring glories of Heaven. Flee then, my Matilda, to religion; it is, indeed, the one thing needful: be convinced, without its abiding influence in your heart, you can know no peace here, nor entertain any just hope of it hereafter; but, by unremittingly, during the remainder of your life, devoting yourself to its duties, and walking in the straight path of holiness, you will at length glide into the wished-for blissful haven of perfect security, and everlasting repose."

O, ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss, is *bliss*.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Southampton Buildings, G. B.
July 16th, 1803.

FATALITY:

AN ANECDOTE.

HOW illiberal is the ridicule attached to that unhappy class of beings distinguished by the appellation of old maids! The state must surely in itself be sufficiently mortifying in many circumstances, without the insults of the ignorant, or the contumely of the malicious. Mr. Hayley, in his admirable Essays, has

has displayed the various advantages and inconveniences to which a life of celibacy is subject, with much sense, feeling, and ingenuity; and the sex are under infinite obligations to him, for the pains he has taken to rescue a character from unjust obloquy, which, reflection must convince us, merits the utmost tenderness and delicacy, when not attended with personal immorality. It is true, that the idea of being a neglected, despised creature, too often gives rise to a train of peevish peculiarities, which, by repeated irritation, grow habitual; and melancholy experience of the instabilty of human happiness, may give a degree of ascerbity to the temper, irksome to the young and sanguine, who think not of the hour when they may themselves feel the misery of having their fondest hopes blighted by disappointment. There is now a lady in London, who has attained her fortieth year, without having ever bent her knee at the altar of Hymen, though beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, as man could wish: the remarkable train of melancholy events which have occasioned her to remain unmarried, may not be uninteresting. The father of Catherine Ellis was a captain in the army, and retired upon half pay at the conclusion of the last war. One only child engrossed his care; and as he was a man of fine taste, and refined manners, it was his ambition that his daughter should excel in every accomplishment, mental and personal. Unfortunately, this expensive education was but ill adapted to his slender finances; but fond affection was gratified; and in the daily improvement of his Catherine, he found solace for every pecuniary inconvenience. A young officer in a West India regiment having some slight acquaintance with Captain Ellis, was introduced to Catherine, and no sooner beheld then he admired her; but she was then too young to think of him, otherwise than as an agreeable addition to their little parties, till time improved the acquaintance. Lieutenant Townsend was of a good family, would have had an excellent fortune when of age, and was in every respect unexceptionable.

ble. By the encomiums of her father, Catherine soon learnt to appreciate his worth; and an attachment of the most tender nature was formed, with the equal approbation of his family. The regiment being ordered abroad on a three years station, Townsend was forced to submit to the painful separation, as the declining health of the Captain rendered it impossible for him to quit England; and in the pleasing assurance of obtaining his Catherine's hand when he returned, Townsend took an affectionate leave of them. Incessantly watching by the sick bed of her father, the only hours of joy Catherine knew, were those which were afforded by her correspondence with her lover, who neglected no opportunity of sending her the fondest testimonies of his regard. Catherine had soon the satisfaction of seeing her beloved father restored to health, and every moment passed in the pleasing anticipation of still happier days; but the expected post did not bring a letter from Townsend. "He might by accident have missed the opportunity; it might have been lost:" such were the surmises with which she strove to dispel her uneasiness. Another packet came; still no letter. Catherine began to feel alarmed, and doubts of her lover's constancy for the first time occupied her mind. To satisfy her, the army list was examined: the name of Townsend was omitted. Captain Ellis immediately applied to the agents, and brought back to his daughter the distracting intelligence, that Lieutenant Townsend had died of the yellow fever two months before. A thousand words would not describe the anguish of Catherine; but imagination may do it justice: her unhappy father feared hourly to lose her; and to divert the melancholy which oppressed her, he tried every allurement money could procure. Catherine was not insensible to his solicitude; but was roused only by a calamity scarcely less distressing. Her venerable father was arrested for debt, and thrown into prison. Exertion was absolutely necessary; and Catherine employed the talents, her fond father's pride had cultivated, for his

support.

support. Occupation is the enemy of sorrow; though in embarrassed circumstances, her heart felt lightened of part of its woe; and in endeavouring to cheer her drooping parent, her own spirits returned. A wealthy friend soon came forward to their assistance; the beauty of Catherine had attracted him; and by generosity to her father, he strove to win her affection. Urged by the entreaties of Captain Ellis, she listened to him with complacency; and though her heart was not interested in his behalf, gratitude almost supplied the place of love. A short time, however, served to convince her, that his designs were not honourable; and by a most fortunate chance she escaped a plan laid for her destruction, as they discovered that he had a wife and children living in the country. Her father was, however, liberated; and as the villain was not insolent enough to recal what he had done, they remained without further molestation. By the industrious exertions of Catherine, they soon enjoyed their usual comforts; and as she was naturally of a lively turn, a number of admirers followed her. Among these a Mr. Byron engaged most of her notice: he was a city merchant, a man of worth, and agreeable manners. With the utmost candour, he assured her, that, though marriage was not immediately convenient to him, his intentions were honourable; and as her father entertained a very high opinion of him, Catherine suffered herself to form a degree of friendship for him which time improved. He was about five-and-twenty, a native of Ireland, well educated, and such a man as few women could disapprove. Catherine soon discovered one fault in him, which gave her concern; it was an impetuosity of temper which she only had power to restrain, and she dreaded lest it would not always be in her power to check it. Five years of intimacy completed their engagement. Catherine felt a lively regard for him: he was passionately fond of her, and the day was at length fixed for their union, at the distance of three months. For a few weeks, Byron seemed all extacy: after that he

grew

grew suddenly serious; and Catherine, whose pride took alarm, requested to know if he repented of the engagement he had formed. With the most affectionate tenderness, he assured her he did not; that his seriousness was occasioned only by some perplexity in business; and begged her to make herself perfectly easy. The morning at last came; but Byron did not attend at the appointed hour. They waited some time, yet he came not. Captain Ellis hastened to his house, where a scene of horror presented itself. Byron was found weltering in his blood on the flour of his bed-chamber, where with a pistol he had rashly terminated his existence. His motives for this were explained in a letter, of which the following is a copy.

To Miss Ellis.

My beloved Catherine,

All my hopes are destroyed. By some unexpected losses, I am involved irretrievably, and a week more would shew my name in the gazette. This is a disgrace I could not bear; though not occasioned by any misconduct of my own. My Catherine, too, must unite herself to a beggar, were I still to demand the ratification of our engagements. I have no prospect, but misery or death. Dearest girl, I am almost distracted: pity and pray for me: we may meet in a better world: till then, Catherine, *remember you are mine alone:* even with life I will not resign you.

T. Byron.

The solemnity with which this billet was concluded, struck a cold awe to the heart of Catherine, who made a sacred vow never to enter into any future engagement; but the shock was too much for her spirits, and she was for some time deprived of reason. In this interval she lost her father; and when restored to health, she obtained a situation, where, in the course of a few years, she saved a decent competency, with which she has since retired. Banishing her own sorrows in the innocent wish to amuse others, she is even now an agreeable companion; and while the piety and modesty of her conduct demand our praise and admiration, her early misfortunes claim the tribute of a tear.

INHUMANITY.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Tho' grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

COWPER.

——DON'T kill it, said I—stepping up hastily to catch hold of his arm—don't kill it.

The fellow was torturing a poor toad, that had just crept out of its hole to enjoy the evening air.

Why would you kill it? said I.—I can assure you from the best writers, that a toad is a perfectly harmless animal; design'd more to do us good than evil.

Because, said he, it is an ugly reptile.

What, then, because a poor animal happens, in your opinion, to be ugly, it must die; and, what is worse, must die in torture? Unfeeling man! let it go—destroy not the little pleasure its unhappy lot allows it. How do'st thou know but what that creature has young?—How do'st thou know but it has a partner whose every joy is connected with it? and—

I suppose, Sir—interrupted he, with a sneer—I suppose you will tell me just now that a toad has a soul.

That is no matter, said I. He, without whose knowledge "*not a sparrow falls to the ground,*" has, no doubt, given every creature its proper faculties: whether it has a soul or not, it is capable of enjoying life, or life would not have been given it. And the man that makes the life of any creature miserable, is unworthy the name of man. We assert (yet the assertion has something haughty and tyrannical in it) that all things were made for our *use;* it may be granted; but certainly not for our *abuse.* Wherever

necessity impels us to give death, it should be as instantaneous as possible; and every creature from whose death we derive no—

I was going on; but the fellow, shrugging up his shoulders, and turning round with a broad grin—'twas the very picture of unfeeling ignorance—told me, that—"*fine words butter'd no parsnips ! ! !*"

Hast *thou* a soul! said I to myself.—"Many there are that wear the human shape."—But let me ask thee one question, my fellow—was't thou ever in love?

Love!—yes, Sir, *many times.*

I smiled—it was enough—I was satisfied. Good heavens! this fellow has no more feeling than a brute, yet he says he has been in love *many times!* I asked him this question, because I thought no passion was more powerful than love in refining the soul, and rendering it amiable even in the body of a peasant. But to return—

The fellow, finding me but a dull and stupid companion, and not being very solicitous of my company, marched off—He thought me a fool, no doubt.

When I meet with any thing in my solitary walks in the woods, I cannot help reflecting on it, be it ever so trifling or common. And I cannot help thinking, that if the works of nature were rightly studied, more real and profitable knowledge might be thence derived, than from all the luxuries of a modern college life. Not that I would depreciate the end and intention of a university education. No, by no means; I honor and admire it; but it is the thoughtless imprudence of many young——But I am rambling.—Forgive me, reader, if I tire thee—Believe me, I have thy amusement at heart.

Let me see—I left the fellow marching off.—Yes, said I, thou may'st go, and enjoy thy *many* loves.—Go, beat thy horses when worn out with age—torture thy asses, when, enfeebled with heavy loads, they sink crippled. Go, and enjoy thy tyrannical power; thou mayest one day or other know, to thy sorrow, what it

is

is to want a friend to relieve thee: and then, the remembrance of thy cruelty, if thou hast a soul, will cut thee with remorse.

Well, (thought I,) I have at least saved one poor animal from torture:—there surely is a great degree of pleasure resulting from the smallest act of humanity. God has unquestionably a far greater superiority over me, than this fellow has over the toad; and then, perhaps, this little act of charity will not be forgotten.

I will write this (said I) in the Monthly Museum; and if at any future day it alleviate the sufferings of an innocent animal—it will not be written in vain.

Yet to you, sons of Nimrod! professors of the whip! you,

> "Who feed upon the sobs and dying shrieks
> Of harmless nature; dumb, but yet endued
> With eloquence that agonies inspire,
> Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs;
> Vain tears, alas! and sighs that seldom find
> A corresponding tone in jovial souls;"

you, at whose voice, hares, hounds, and horses, tremble!—a word to you. I hope—I trust you have feeling—you want but to call it forth. Remember, then, when the harmless hare pants under your oppression—when the noble horse groans with a stake gag'd in his spur-torn side—when the faithful dog bleeds beneath your lash—remember nature! remember that the same hand which gave you life—gave them feeling. You too, masters of the gun! misnam'd *sportsmen*—at whose thunders the peaceful woods start convuls'd—who often cripple an innocent bird for life—for a wretched life—for oft depriv'd of the power of flying for food—they famish unpitied—have you feelings? Yet I have been guilty of your ruthless *sport*—Painful remembrance! Yes—I have seen the half-dead bird bleed, and flutter in my hand; then turn up his languid eye, to ask how it had injured me?—Oh, my heart has bled with it. But I have done—If pity is not in your hearts—my poor language cannot impart it. Take then your sport—But in the

hour of adversity you may say—"One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate is worth it all."

I am aware of many opponents: they, perhaps, (bless'd with an abler genius,) may tell me, that these sports are noble, manly, and becoming: Yes—where they are exerted for the safety and welfare of the country. But our *Bucks*, who boast, shout, and triumph, over the death of a feeble hare, would shrink appal'd at the sight of a tiger or buffalo. I will readily confess, that these sports are at once noble, manly, and becoming, where an equal power is oppos'd: no one can pay more honor to courage than I;—but is there any courage in pursuing a timorous hare?—I will say no more—I have perhaps said too much for many of my readers.

Whoever thou art, that now holdest this paper, thou, perhaps, thinkest me a milk-and-water sort of a fellow—a mere woman: but I can tell thee, that I have good stout hands and arms, and can use them when my country calls:—but it is not to thee I write. I am sorry to intrude on thee—but the whole of this book costs only One Shilling—and a few pages lost is not much. Thou hadst better turn on—for tho' I may be a little tedious, we generally amongst us muster up something that will please you all: Messrs. Vernor, Hood, and Co—respondents, will never be at a loss while the public are liberal.

But to you, gentle readers, whose bosoms melt at a tale of tenderness, you, who have

> Wip'd your eyes
> Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd,
> And known what 'tis to pity and be pitied,"——

to you I address myself, and trust I shall find *one* (I hope many) to whom the cries of distressed nature never plead in vain. To kiss the hand of that *one* I would walk on foot sixty miles—so dearly do I love a heart that is susceptible of sensibility.

I remember, once, when I was at a friend's house—(when I begin a story I can never stick to it)—I remember,

ber, I say, for I had like to have catched the maid's broom-staff over my shoulder—I remember—(I shall come to it at last)—chopping off the head of a poor goose! A very charitable act! you'll say.—Why, yes—for if I had delay'd a few moments, that poor creature would have been saw'd in the head with a rusty knife, and have bled to death drop by drop; and for why? because, forsooth, the flesh would eat better! Ridiculous—I never sit down to a goose, but I think of it. For shame, ye sons of Epicurus, for shame! Can ye think that morsel delicious which is seasoned with the sufferings of a fellow creature?

Need I here enumerate the many barbarous *amusements* so much kept up by the peasantry of our country? But I am of opinion that these are more sanctioned by custom, than a natural cruelty. Need I describe the miseries of the noble bull—fetter'd and tormented—at one time foaming with furious frenzy—then lying down rolling his languid eye, and groaning in agony, while some clown goads him with a pike! But I will cease—for these things are admirably handled in an elegant little book on the conduct of man to inferior animals. To any reader who wishes to pursue this subject, I would most urgently recommend that work; and shall think myself very happy, if my little efforts serve but to introduce it. On this head, then, I have done; for my feeling readers will *there* be gratified: and by this essay being cut off much shorter than it was intended, all other readers will be satisfied. Yet a word more—

I once had a friend—but he is gone, I hope, to heaven. In our evening walks, he was often used to tell me—that to trifle with the feelings of an innocent and harmless creature, was an evident indication of cowardice; that real bravery was inseparable from mercy and compassion; and that, to have a heart that could feel for the miseries of others, was the surest way to attract the love of God, and esteem of mankind.

August 3d, 1803. MUSIPHILUS.

TO THE FAIR SEX.

YES, it is from you also, that your threatened country expects some help; yes, from you, in whom nature has fixed the noblest of all attributes—Compassion and Charity! From you, who cannot suffer a pauper to pass by, without imparting a mite of your purse. From you, who, at the recital of a dismal event, cannot refrain from tears, or withhold a sigh from your feeling heart. Will you, then, be now indifferent and calm spectators of your country's danger? Will you see that country which furnishes you with endless comforts and pleasures, pass under the yoke of lawless ruffians? Will you bear without emotion, to see your husbands, your brothers, and your sons, rush against the bayonets of this implacable foe, and expose their life to preserve for you these invaluable blessings? Will you be idle and unconcerned, and trust your honour to these infamous wretches, to these sneering miscreants, who are daily insulting the honour of God? Will you not believe till you see your streets stained with the innocent blood of your infants, as it streams down from the top of a spear? What will then avail tearing your garments and your hair, when the groaning and screaming of Rama shall be renewed through the land? Ah! shew yourselves, while there is time, that they have in you, wives, sisters, and mothers, worthy of them. You have enjoyed till now all that art and nature can procure. Your wardrobes swell with rich apparel, and your boxes overflow with jewels. Put on an heroic resolution; give to your children, and to posterity, an everlasting testimony of the attachment you have for your envied country. Rome, at the verge of her ruin, was saved by the gifts of your sex; shall the British women not display the same spirit? Bid, then, a firm farewell, for a while, to your unreasonable routs—to your destructive fashions—and to your expensive feasts.—Loose your purses with a generous hand—your menaced country demands it. Lloyd's book is in waiting, to be enriched with your noble and patriotic names.

G. A. G.

THE VEHICLE OF AMUSEMENT.

No. II.

BY SIGMA.

[Continued from page 51.]

I SHALL not tire my readers with our common place conversation during dinner, which was in some measure interrupted by the entrance of our good friend, Timorio, who partook of our refreshment. He appears about fifty, and bears with him all the eccentricities of an old bachelor. He is a firm friend to morality, strict to his word, and I believe never breaks an engagement, unless detained by any extraordinary circumstance, which he divines into some ill-fated omen. Though credulity like this (so nearly allied to vulgar superstition) is generally allowed to be the true characteristic of ignorance, and to be alone possessed by minds uncultivated by education, yet this cannot be the cause with Timorio; for (laying aside his credulity) he is universally esteemed a sensible man. His determination against marriage originated from a trifling circumstance. Dining with a lady for whom he felt the anxieties of a lover, he happened (while gazing on her charms) *to spill some salt:* but what confirmed his present mind the more was, dreaming that very evening of being *married to a magpie*, which, by the *sibylism* of his mother, was construed into *a scold*. He is careful of his person, sparing in his diet, and never takes more food than is sufficient to support animal life. He never wears metal buttons during the summer season, for fear of attracting the lightning. He is fond of every thing wonderful: some years ago he had his *nativity cast;* and it was discovered, by virtue of his Planet, he should die by drowning; and to this day he never will venture on the water, and is almost frightened to death on passing over a bridge. When the Almanack foretells *wet weather*, he seldom ventures out, for fear, I apprehend,

apprehend, of being *drowned by rain*. And if it happens that he is caught in a shower, he has, on his return home, direct recourse to his *metallic tractors*, for fear of the rheumatism. He is a friend to Quacks, Conjurors, and Fortune-tellers; yet these do not deter him from good actions, for he is charitable to excess; and his love for morality is as unbounded, as is his eccentricity with regard to wonders.

Among other inquiries, I found Timorio had taken a place in the same stage with myself, and as the time of its departure drew near, we took leave of Silvanus, with an hearty invitation to a future visit, which was as heartily accepted.

A description of the characters in the stage, together with a detail of conversation during the journey, and other remarks, will be the subject of a future number; the present I shall conclude with a letter I received from Timorio a few days after, containing what he stiled his *Antidote for Care*.

" Mr. Sigma,

" Since you expressed much desire to possess my antidote for care, I have taken the liberty to send you a transcript of it. I will obtrude upon your time for a few moments, to inform you of the manner it came into my hands. Not far from my present habitation at *****, in a cottage on the side of an hill, Alberto passed the evening of his days in the most delightful solitude, peacefully enjoying all the charms of rustic felicity: his brow was never marked by care, his every want was balanced by contentment: his conversation afforded me much pleasure, and my visits were frequently repeated. At this time my thoughts were swallowed up in mercantile views; for, *owing to a dream* of future prosperity by sea, I was induced to purchase a share in a vessel. I had embarked also in the concern to the amount of *two thousand pounds* and upwards. Oh, Mr. Sigma, that I had taken warning, and never had to *do with the water*. News arrived of the loss of the vessel.

It

It affected me greatly; and, to divert my mind, I visited Alberto, who marked my despondency, and endeavoured to draw me into conversation entirely foreign to my concerns. When he had diverted my attention, he began at some length to ridicule the effect produced by worldly misfortunes on the mind, and concluded with the following allegory.

EZRA.

The mind of Ezra was disconcerted; still did his fancy rest on his once prosperous days; immersed in poverty, he secretly pined for the transient joys which pleasure heaps on Fortune's dearest votaries. 'Twas at the time when the bright lamp of night fills its wide circumference, he journied forth, and nigh the portal of the sacred mosque, he prostrate fell, and bowing thrice, he kissed the ground. "Great Prophet! who resides high in the third heaven, to thee the lowly Ezra bends. He who was once possessed of all that man, through life, holds dear, now seeks a pittance from the public hand. Has not my life been just and honest? did I ever withhold the boon of charity, or turn the traveller joyless from my gate?" As he was thus pouring forth the feelings of his mind in heartfelt melancholy, close to his side, in all the sweetness of celestial innocence, an angel stood. Fearing he trembled. "Ezra," the angel cried, "I have heard thy plaints; rise, and behold." He spoke, and quick before his mortal sight appeared a stately canopy, and on a couch the Caliph lay adorned with all the pomp of Eastern magnificence, a victim to disease. Restless he turned: at length, in feeble utterance, spoke, "Oh, heaven, are these my deserts? no comfort left? doomed thus to linger, the most wretched of mankind?" "Turn thee, Ezra," a voice exclaimed. He turned, and, lo, upon some straw, beneath a wretched hovel, a peasant lay: his meagre form, and palsied frame, would have drawn tears e'en from a savage eye. A child sat beside him, who his many wants relieved, and sought

his food. "To thee, great Prophet, do I entrust my fate; oh use thy will. Thanks for the joys thou still hast left me; thanks for my duteous child, and this poor hovel o'er my palsied head." He spoke; the visions vanished as the morning dews before the orient sun. A voice exclaimed, "*Learn resignation; and though Fortune frowns, you still possess some gift of heaven, if 'tis only the vital breath you draw: thank heaven for that.*"

"This, Mr. Sigma, is my antidote for care when I am in trouble. I cast my eyes around, and view the blessings I enjoy, which affords me sufficient cause to yield my gratitude to heaven.

I am,
Mr. Sigma,
Your's, &c.
TIMORIO."

S.

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

THE usual excuse for duelling, is the preservation of honour. Let us now examine what this honour is; for in all my enquiries, I never could find a man of honour able to give me any information concerning what he called honour.

First, honour is not religion; for the preservation of it being effected by sending a friend into eternity, weltering in his gore, it is plain that religion must not only be for the time forgotten, but contemned and deserted for ever, as a heap of fables fit only for women and children.

Secondly, honour is not virtue; for most part of the honourable quarrels which have come within my knowledge, originated from events that shewed the total absence of virtue; such as gaming, attachment to bad women, drinking, seduction, &c. &c.

Thirdly, honour is not courage; for a man of real courage never lifts his weapon in the defence of his vices, but in the protection of his country, or his person.

person. And when we examine the false courage which animates a duellist, we find it to be the pride of despair, and an impious and daring contempt of the Supreme Being, which no valiant hero ever yet indulged. Besides, of fifty duels, not five prove mortal, owing to the pusillanimity of the parties, who tumble into each others arms on the slightest interposition of seconds; nay, some *men of honour* have been known to give secret notice to officers of justice, that they might be interrupted before bloodshed could take place.

Fourthly, honour is not humanity. View the bleeding body of a newly-killed duellist—in the bloom of years and health—cut off ere he yet knew the value of the life he has lost. View his parents—his frantic father—and speechless mother—view their grey hairs brought with sorrow to an untimely grave—and all this—in the protection of a harlot—the loss of a false trick—or the obscene altercation of a drunkard. View this—then say in what the humanity of a duellist consists—Take humanity from the heart of man, and tell me what he is.

Since honour, then, can be referred neither to religion, virtue, courage, nor humanity, where are we to look for its source? I do not hesitate to answer, that it will be found in a mixture of pride, profligacy, and malignity. The quarrel arose in pride; that profligacy which despises the laws of heaven, and the dictates of conscience, led to revenge, and the quarrel was supported, it may be for years, with the blackest malignity of soul. We have instances in which it was supported for many years, and in which no avocations, nor intercourse with foreign and various nations, were able to erase the principle of revenge. The *man of honour* thirsted for the blood of his supposed or real enemy; his soul was influenced by passion and malignity, and nothing but human blood could cool its ardour.

But

But some will say, "Here is a man who supposes I have affronted him; I have done every thing in my power to persuade him that he is mistaken, but he insists on my fighting him; if I refuse, I am branded as a coward, and my companions shun me." Can any thing be more plain than the duty of the challenged in a similar case? It is to reject his challenge; to assure him, that when they meet, the challenged will defend himself as against an assassin. This objection being the only one that can possibly be offered, and the only excuse that ever can be made for accepting a challenge, I dismiss it in this manner, and will say no more concerning it.

Honour, in the true sense of the word, means character; and this being the definition of philosophers, and men of understanding, I prefer it to the specious, though fashionable explanations of every profligate in the world, whether he wield a sword or a quill. If honour be character, who is it that can hurt that? Is it ourselves, or others? The answer is so obvious, that I need scarcely write it. In few words, we are ourselves the source of our honour or our disgrace, our character or our infamy. And does a man, who calls me booby—who throws a glass in my face in wantonness—who says that I trumped a card, when I had one of the same suite in my hand—who hinders me from seducing his wife or his sister—who is mean enough to abuse me in a common newspaper—who, unknowingly, is witty concerning a foible I am guilty of—who refuses to intoxicate himself to the health of my favourite mistress—who does not return my salute, from not having perceived that I did salute him—does such a man take from my honour, my character? Surely not. In some of the instances, he is an ill-bred man: does that take from my character? In others, he protects the innocent. Does that take from my character? I repeat it, nothing can affect our honour, or our character, unless what comes from ourselves.

A

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

AS I am well aware that advice, though offered from the best of motives, is seldom very gratefully received; and know that the period of life which most requires the aid of experience, thinks itself most competent to form just opinions of what is right; I am fearful of too often offering my sentiments, least I should rather fatigue than improve the youthful mind. The inclosed letters I have just received from some of my correspondents; and in the next Number I shall insert my replies, as I think it may afford some kind of instruction to my readers, to know the different vicissitudes which are attached to human life.

To the FEMALE MENTOR.

Madam,

As I have reason to believe that you feel interested in the affairs of the unfortunate, and know you to be capable of offering advice, I shall take the liberty of describing my wretched situation, under the hope that you will be able to afford some consolation to my mind.

My father, Madam, once possessed what might be called an affluent fortune; and not being very partial to female society, remained a bachelor until an advanced period of life, when accident threw him into the company of my mother, whose person happened to please him, and he resolved to make her his wife. I say resolved, because he did not think it very probable that his proposal would be refused: for though there was a great disparity of years between them, he had been told, that my mother was not likely to marry for love. She had been educated in a style far above her situation, and had imbibed sentiments which are denominated of the most liberal kind; but she felt the most hearty contempt for the authors of her existence, and publicly declared she would marry the first man of fortune who offered her his hand. This unequal alliance, as might naturally be expected, my

father repented of most sincerely from the moment that it took place; and as he had but little happiness at home, he sought it in society, leaving his wife at liberty to act as she pleased. The company of his children afforded him no gratification; and my mother was too fond of dissipation to interfere in domestic concerns; we were, therefore, left to the entire management of the domestics, and no attention paid to the regulation of our minds, or our hearts. I certainly seemed to possess more of her affection than the others; but this is to be ascribed to her feeling vain of my personal charms; for she seldom even kissed my sister or my brothers, so destitute was she of maternal regard.

We were none of us taught our letters at the time that other children are capable of amusing themselves with entertaining books; and at that age we had never even heard of a Divinity, or knew why it was a practice for people to go to church. Not the slightest respect was ever paid to the sabbath, except by having our house on that day particularly crowded with guests; and as we increased in years, we naturally became infidels, by hearing every kind of religious institution turned into jest. As my brothers and sister were older than myself, they were sent to school before me, and, upon returning home at the vacation, told me, I ought daily to say my prayers; but as I was naturally warmly attached to my mother, I felt no inclination to do what she did not direct. As I was the favourite, I was not permitted to go to school until I was much older than the rest; and by this means my atheistical ideas were more firmly established, and my governess had more difficulty in inspiring religious sentiments in my breast.

My sister had the good fortune to die in childhood; and would to heaven I had experienced the same fate; for I should then have been a stranger to those heart-rending sorrows which you will find have afflicted me in the sequel of my tale. I shall pass over the days of childhood, and merely revert to circumstances which occurred

occurred to me after leaving school, which I did at a time of life when the principles of virtue are most likely to be indeliably impressed upon the heart. Though I was tenderly attached to my mother, yet I was very partial to my governess, who had not only informed my understanding, but had strengthened my faith; notwithstanding which, the example which was daily presented before me, soon obliterated her precepts from my mind. My mother, it is true, never denied the existence of a Deity; but assured me this all-wise Being would never have formed us with passions which it would be criminal to indulge; and added, that, though, for the benefit of society, a stigma was thrown upon certain actions, yet, in the eyes of the Almighty, they could not be considered as crimes.

This kind of argument my ill-fated parent made use of, to prevent me from condemning the mode of life she pursued; for it had long been evident to me, that the attentions she received from a gentleman of the name of Johnson, were such as no husband could countenance or approve. Age, debility, and indifference, however, seemed to prevent my father from perceiving what was plain to every other person's eyes; and Mr. Johnson was the constant attendant upon my mother, without exciting any symptoms of jealousy in his mind. Notwithstanding the specious arguments which were made use of, my mother's conduct gave me the most serious concern; and though she was gratified by the adulation she received from men in general, I could not help observing, that her own sex treated her with contempt. I perceived that she was hurt at not finding me an easy convert to her opinions, and that she seemed to consider me in the light of a spy: however, to prevent me from paying too much attention to her conduct, she introduced a gentleman to me, whom she thought likely to make an impression upon my heart.

Sir George C—— was the particular friend of Mr. Johnson, and one of the most fascinating young men I had ever seen. My unsophisticated heart was soon

caught in the snare that was laid for it; for I loved him with a tenderness scarcely to be conceived. The arguments which I had heard from my mother without any injury to my principles, now made a strong impression upon my mind; and all that I had heard from my governess respecting the charms of conscious rectitude, appeared the effect of artful priesthood to impose upon mankind. I will not tire your patience, Madam, by minutely relating the methods which this abandoned man practised to obtain an entire ascendency over my mind, but merely tell you, that I became the victim of his artifice, and that my mother certainly connived at the destruction of her child. Fortunately, however, I gave no positive symptoms of the connexion between us; notwithstanding which, suspicions began to be entertained, when the death of my father left me entirely dependant upon my seducer, as his affairs were deeply involved. Both my brothers had been sent to India long before this circumstance happened; and my mother shocked me, by declaring her intention of living openly with Mr. Johnson. I had no friend to whom I could fly for an asylum, and my lover declared himself ready to devote to me his life. It was in vain that I implored him to make me his by marriage, or pointed out the misery I should feel at being an outcast from the world; for he laughed at what he called my antediluvian notions, and declared that the mere marriage vow would excite disgust in his heart. "If, my beloved Charlotte, (said he,) you wished to discover an antidote to affection, you could not have fixed upon so likely a means; for the very idea of being bound to live with an individual, would instantly banish the very traces of regard! I love you to that excess, that I cannot support the thought of priestly trammels, which there is not a single female in the world who does not break: banish, then, from your mind, this girlish weakness; and let me owe to inclination the possession of your heart; and I swear upon these dear lips, ever to be faithful, and

and to doat upon you with more fondness than ever man felt for a wife."

I had already made a sacrifice which debased me in my own opinion; and I was about to make another, which was to degrade me in that of the world; but no resource was left me, and I was under the necessity of doing what my heart and my feelings condemned. For several months, the fond solicitude of my lover prevented me from having time to reflect; from one public place we hurried to another, and my mind was so much occupied that I had not leisure to repent. At length, however, I found a total alteration in his conduct; and I not only passed days, but weeks, entirely alone; and, to add to my misery, report told me, he was upon the eve of marriage with a young lady who had been my intimate friend. It is impossible to describe the anguish I experienced at this intelligence, which, in the course of a very short time, was confirmed; for I had scarcely read the account of his union in the paper, when the following note was put into my hands.

"Sir George C—— presents his compliments to Miss Furguson, and informs her, the engagement which he was under the necessity of entering into from the deranged state of his affairs, will prevent the possibility of his continuing his attentions to her, but requests she will always consider him in the light of a friend.

"Sir George C—— is persuaded that Miss Furguson has only to appear in public, to attract hearts that may be less versatile than that of which he is possessed; and to enable her to appear with that eclat her charms so justly merit, he begs her acceptance of a bill for a hundred pounds."

This, Madam, I felt was adding insult to cruelty; and I instantly returned him the hundred pound note; paid for my lodgings out of the small sum I had by me; changed my name, and took a small apartment in the New Road. There I have had time to reflect upon the impropriety of my conduct, and there I have endeavoured to obtain some humble employ; but,

destitute of friends, I have no one to give me a character, and I find it absolutely impossible to procure any work. My landlady perceiving me wretched and dispirited, brought up one of the Lady's Museums by way of amusing my mind, and the thought immediately occurred, that you might point out some method to me, by which I might procure the common necessaries of life. To my mother I can never apply for assistance; for it is to her that I may ascribe all the misery I feel: I have therefore only to hope that humanity will induce you to indulge me with your council, and aid me with your advice.

Furguson is the name I went by during my residence with my seducer, as for the sake of my brothers I determined to conceal my own; but, upon quitting him, I again changed it, and am now only known by that of Mrs. Brown. A private letter, directed to the General Post Office, under that appellation, will be certain of being delivered into my hands: or, if you prefer giving me your sentiments through the channel of the Museum, they may possibly be attended with a more extensive good effect. At present I am unable to change my place of residence, and I have disclosed my melancholy story to the mistress of the house, who not only sympathises in my misfortunes, but has pointed out a comfortable support for my child. One of the mistresses of the Foundling Hospital happens to be her sister, and in that noble institution she advises me to place my unborn babe, if it should please the Almighty that it comes into this miserable world alive.

I am, Madam,

New Road, Your obedient humble Servant,

August 15th, 1808. CHARLOTTE BROWN.

To the FEMALE MENTOR.

Madam,

I am one of those lucky beings whom dame Fortune sometimes delights to favour, perhaps in preference to those who have greater deserts: be this as it may, a few

few months ago I bought half a lottery ticket with money saved by honest industry, and I am now worth *ten thousand pounds!* In short, Madam, I was a milliner's apprentice, and, after shutting up the shop, used to do jobs for my friends, and with the money that was paid me for this exertion, I have raised myself above many ladies of rank.

You must know I was engaged to a young man who was journeyman to a linen-draper, but who has not five hundred pounds in the world, and my friends still persuade me, that I ought to marry him, but I think I may now look up to an officer in the guards. Oh, Madam! they are such a delightful set of fellows! it used to do my heart good to talk to them when they came to our shop; and though I certainly did give my lover a written promise, I do not see why I should degrade myself by marrying a person who is in trade; besides, all my fellow apprentices would be so envious of me, if they were to see me married to an officer in the guards.

Do, pray, Madam, then, be so good as to inform me, whether, as my fortune is changed, I have not a right to change my mind; though, to tell you the truth, I have a great regard for the linen-draper, and the antipathy I feel is only against his trade.

Adieu, dear Madam, and please to write to me directly, for I assure you I mean to be guided by what you say.

Yours to command,

DIANA DUBIOUS.

To the FEMALE MENTOR.

Madam,

I think I recollect reading one of your papers upon the impropriety which parents are guilty of, in giving their children an education above their birth, and I am sure I now feel it one of the greatest misfortunes that any young woman can meet with in life.

My father, Madam, rents a small farm in one of the most beautiful parts of Hertfordshire, which is contiguous

contiguous to the house of a gentleman who owns several large estates; and his wife not having any daughters, offered to take me when an infant, and educate me as her own. My parents gratefully accepted the proposal; and I, of course, took up my residence at the Hall, and had the good fortune to obtain the affection of my benefactress, towards whom I still feel the liveliest regard. The superiority of my dress, united to my numerous acquirements, excited the envy of my brothers and sisters as I increased in years; and the pleasure I should have experienced from frequently visiting them, and my parents, was greatly diminished by the grossness of their sneers.

Though my benefactress had no daughters, still she was a mother, and doated with an excess of fondness upon her son; with whom, when a child, I used to play with that familiarity, which was natural to those who were nearly of an age. As I approached to womanhood, I naturally behaved with more reserve towards him; of which, whenever we were together without his mother, he used to complain, enquire with an anxiety more than fraternal, whether he had offended me, and declare he could not live without my regard. Though I had the warmest affection for his mother, and felt grateful for her kindness, yet there was a dignity in her manner which inspired me with dread, and I always felt fearful of her penetrating into the real situation of my heart.

I knew that the hand of her son was destined for the daughter of Sir Charles Dawson, and in vain endeavoured to suppress every emotion of regard: but, alas! Madam, though I never encouraged his affection for me, I could not conquer the wayward failings of my heart! I thought him the most amiable being heaven had created, and lamented that I was not born to a more elevated state; yet I carefully concealed from him the conflict I daily suffered, and determined that the secret should never escape. The struggle which I went through injured my constitution, and produced a visible effect upon my health, which evidently gave the

the utmost uneasiness to the object of my affection; though his mother had for some time prevented our ever being by ourselves. My dear Henry finding it impossible to converse one moment with me, determined to express his feelings upon paper, and bribed his mother's maid, who, instead of delivering the letter to me, presented it to her mistress; and it is not in the power of language to describe her rage!

The letter, unfortunately, contained a declaration of his attachment, and an absolute promise of his hand the moment he came of age. I was the same evening sent home in disgrace to my parents, and accused of seducing the affections of her son. Instead of being soothed with parental fondness, the indignation of my benefactress extended to the farm, and the epithets of treachery, ingratitude, and insolence, heaped upon me for having attempted to practise my artifices upon the young squire's heart. My father, to appease the wrath of my late protectress, positively assured her that I should marry a farmer in the neighbourhood in the course of a week, who frequently expressed his affection for me, and had solicited my father to give him my hand.

To this promise, Madam, I have positively refused compliance; but not from entertaining any hope of marrying my benefactress's son; for although I am convinced of the strength of his attachment, I should be wretched at knowing myself the cause of his losing his mother's regard. I am not only rendered miserable by this unfortunate preference, but by being obliged to associate with beings whose ideas ars so opposite to mine; and as I am not able to render myself so useful in the family as my sisters, the accomplishments I have acquired only make me despised. As to continuing in my father's family, that is impossible; for I am neither able to encounter his severity or his sneers; yet I have no friend upon earth who is sufficiently interested about me, to endeavour to procure me a situation in life. Though I am not capable of managing a dairy, yet, through the kindness of my benefactress, I

possess

possess accomplishments that would qualify me for many situations in life; and I should feel peculiarly grateful, Madam, if through your recommendation, I could be intrusted with the care and education of a child. I have the honor to be, Madam,

Your obedient humble Servant,

E. F.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET.

THIS elegant little Theatre has been uncommonly successful this season. This improved state of prosperity is the fair result of the spirit displayed by the Proprietor. Formerly Mr. Colman waited for the close of the Winter Theatres before he opened his own: the consequence was, that the favourite Performers at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden could be transferred from the Winter Theatres to the Haymarket. Mr. Colman, however, conceiving that the Winter Theatres had encroached immoderately upon his season, had resolution enough to open this year before their close. Of course his company has been formed of recruits from the country corps, all possessing the charms of novelty to a London audience, and many of them of sterling merit. The execution of this plan required extraordinary trouble and expence; but we are happy to say the trouble and expence have been amply repaid by the liberal patronage of the Public, which every night produces an overflowing house. Mr. Colman has not been less liberal in the literary department. He has produced a new Grand Historical Ballet of Action, entitled "*Red Roy; or, Oswyn and Helen.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Red Roy, the Robber - - - MR. PALMER.
Ronald, his Captain - - - MR. HATTON.

ROY'S BAND,

Messrs. Grove, Field, Johnson, Hobbs, Abbot, T. Trueman, Smith, and Goosetree.

Cloud,

Cloud, a Bard - - - - - MR. TAYLOR.
Oswyn, his Son - - - - - MR. DE CAMP.
Farmer, - - - - - - - MR. WHARTON.
Shepherd, - - - - - - MR. GOODWIN.
Soldier, - - - - - - - MR. WELLS.
Oscar, the Farmer's Son - MASTER BYRNE.

HIGHLANDERS,

Messrs. Sawyer, Tett, Little, Thomas, &c.

COUNTRYMEN,

Messrs. Platt, Bayzand, Lewis, and Wilde.

CHORUS OF ROBBERS AND SOLDIERS,

Messrs. Willoughby, Kendrick, Fairclough, Smith, Aylmer, Little, jun. &c.,

Roy's Wife, - - - - - - MRS. HARLOWE.
Jenet, Claud's Daughter - MRS. ATKINS.
Helen, Claud's Niece - - MRS. GIBBS.

VILLAGERS,

Mesdames Bologna, Vining, Burnet, Willes, Saunders, and B. Bologna.

THE FABLE.

Robert Rouer Mac Gregor, better known in Scotland as Red Roy, the Robber, (from his complexion, and the fiery colour of his hair and beard,) was a noted robber towards the conclusion of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, who with a desperate gang infested the Highlands of Scotland, committing with impunity the most daring outrages, plundering the farms, &c. of the Duke of Montrose (the Lord of those parts of Scotland) of his sheep, poultry, cattle, &c. and having received the money for the sheep, &c. they had stolen, betook themselves to their cave, which communicated with an old castle, abandoned by its owners; and, there assembled, they deposited the money in the hands of their leader, *Red Roy*. From this information the Author of the present Piece has formed his ground-work.

The scenery is beautiful; and the music, which is chiefly a selection of favourite Scotch airs, drew down great applause. The piece met a most flattering reception, and will be a public favorite.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

EVENING DRESSES.

1. A Head-Dress of Hair, with small Curls round the Face, high on the Back of the Head, with a Wreath of Leaves, and a single Rose on the right Side. The Dress plain White Muslin, Gloves and Shoes White, and a rich Gold Necklace.

2. A Turban of Pink and White Crape, with a Lace Veil hanging behind, and Pink and White Feathers. A Pink Chambray Muslin Dress, with loose Hanging-Sleeves of White Lace. Gloves and Shoes White.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A Straw Bonnet with White Ribbons. An Orange Muslin Dress, with a plain Lace Cloak. Shoes, Orange; with White Ribbons; Pink Silk Stockings, and Brown Tanned Gloves.

4. A plain Straw Hat; a Blue Muslin Dress; a Lace Cloak close to the Body, with long Sleeves, and a Ruff round the Neck. Gloves York Tan, and Shoes Straw-coloured.

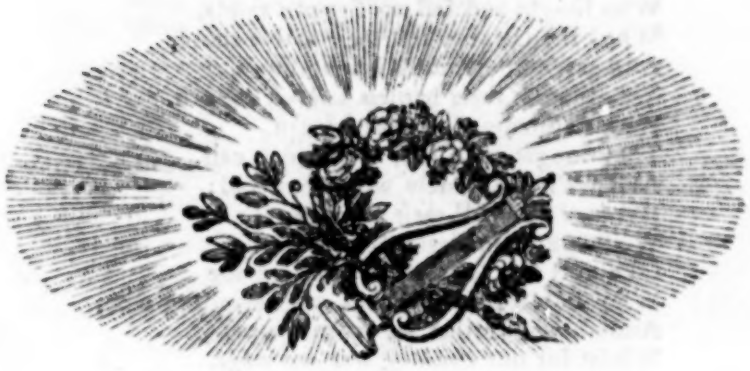
*** The most fashionable Colours are Pink, Orange, and Blue.

BRITISH MUSEUM
3 OCT 19

Evening Dress sept. 1805

Morning Dresses Sept.r 1803

BRITISH MUSEUM
3
49
OCT



The Apollonian Wreath.

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

BY A LADY.

SING, muse, what num'rous lives are lost
By princes with ambition tost,
Of thousands—orphans, widows, left,
And of the joys of life bereft.
Now Fancy rouses all my soul
Each soft idea to controul;
She bears me in her fiery car,
And quick transports me to the war;
" I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
" My big tumultuous bosom beat "
And now I bolder strike the lyre,
While my heart glows with martial fire;
I view embatt'led o'er the field
Our troops, which ne'er in valour yield
To Roman, Sparta'n, Greek, or Gaul,
Though dying comrades round them fall.
Tears shall bedew the soldier's grave,
Who fought, and bravely died, to save
His country from th' invader's arms,
From faction's strife, and war's alarms.
Not his, who in Rebellions cause
Strives to o'erthrow his country's laws,
Who would depose his rightful lord,
And dies cut off by Justice' sword;

But of those valiant, matchless bands
Who fought and fell on Egypt's sands,
Who, though they left their native shore,
And saw fair Albion's isle no more,
Yet, though their hapless fate we mourn,
Honor embalms their sacred urn.
They fought, and fell, at Honor's call,
And we'll not tamely weep their fall;
Revenge shall fill each ardent soul:
We'll spurn the dastardly controul
Of abject fear, and of that lawless foe
Who would o'erwhelm us with invading woe,
And shew him that we scorn his rage,
Whilst for our country war we wage.
The page of hist'ry shall unfold
The tyrant but in outrage bold:
In every hand he dreads th' assasin's knife,
And lives a coward to preserve his life.—
Spirit of departed Abercrombie! hear,
To every British heart thy name is dear
Let not the enemies of Britain say,
We dread their boasted powerful array.
'Tis for our king, our liberty, our laws,
Our lives, we fight—In such a glorious cause
Britons, invincible as th' famous band
Of Macedonian heroes, firm will stand
One heart, one soul, shall breath thro' all;
"They'll bravely conquer, or they'll nobly fall."
The haughty Corsican with grief shall mourn
His honors trampled, and his laurels torn.
A Briton's bold intrepid arm
Shall fill his breast with dire alarm,
Shall make his haughty spirit bend to earth,
And rue the hapless day that gave him birth.—

MARY.

The following Lines, from ROBERT BURNS, *with slight Alterations, strongly apply to the present Times.*

BRITONS, who for *Freedom* bled,
Sons of those whom *Hampden* led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud *France's* power—
Frenchmen, *chains*, and *slavery!*

Who

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who will fill a coward's grave?
Who so base as be a slave?—
Traitor! coward! turn, and flee!

Who for *England's king* and *law*
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman, stand, or *Freeman*, fa'.
Britons, Britons! on with me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins!
But they—shall be—shall *be free*.

Lay the proud *usurper* low;
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward—let us DO *or* DIE.

LINES,

On a Youth who lately departed this Life, after a most painful Sickness of four Months.

AT length thy tort'ring pains are at an end!
At length to God thou hast resign'd thy breath!
At length the pitying Angels did descend,
To take thy spir't, thy body soothe in death.

No more thou feelst the pangs of dire disease!
No more with agonizing pains oppress'd!
Thy soul is call'd to realms of joyful peace!
Thy wearied body's now retir'd to rest!

No more the hours hang heavy o'er thy head!
No more does ling'ring sickness wring thy frame!
Thy spirit's to the heav'nly mansions fled!
Thy body now is free'd from ev'ry pain!

O, happy youth! thy pains of life are o'er!
O, happy youth! thy glass of life is run!
Thy spirit's wafted to the peaceful shore!
Thy body rests!—Great God, thy will be done.

Just as the flow'r, which, in the budding May,
Puts forth its bloom when morning sun doth rise;
When, lo! a storm, with unrelenting sway,
Its stem doth blast; it withers, droops, and dies!

So thou, dear youth, when budding was thy mind,
Thy blooming hopes on future years rely'd;
A dire disease, with tardiness combin'd,
Thy frame did blast; thou pinedst, droop'd, and died!

Ah! little didst thou think, when first this year
Its speedy course revolving did commence,
That thou such galling pains should'st ever bear,
Or that so soon thou should'st be call'd from hence!

Hadst thou been spar'd a few successive years,
Whilst swiftly they had circled o'er thy head;
Hadst thou so soon not left this vale of tears,
Ere thou wast number'd with the hallow'd dead;

Perhaps some sorrow might those years await,
Some grief severe thy tender heart have broke;
Some guile have led into a wretched state,
Or sunk beneath Misfortune's galling yoke;

Some strong temptation thee might have assail'd,
Some evil, which no mortal could foresee;
And what on earth would it have thee avail'd,
Hadst thou so soon not met thy destiny?

Could'st thou expect on earth true peace to find?
Had years roll'd on from ev'ry care devoid,
Would true contentment e'er have fill'd thy mind?
Or here could happiness have been enjoy'd?

Ah, no! each circling day does prove too clear,
That peace on earth no mortal e'er can find;
Each added day does make it plain appear,
That bliss on earth is not to man assign'd.

But now from grief, from sorrow, and from pain,
From guile, and ev'ry evil, thou art free;
This world thou'st left, a happier to attain,
Whence sorrows flee, where dwells felicity.

Grieve not, dear parents, at his blest release;
Grieve not that he in youth was snatch'd away;
His spirit's soar'd to realms of blissful peace,
His body rests, commingling with the clay.

He's gone before, (no earthly pow'r could save,)
And follow him, or soon, or late, we must;
His spirit's fled to God, who first it gave,
His body's now returning to the dust.

Liverpool, J. ARCHER.
21st June, 1803.

THE

THE LITTLE ISLAND SHALL BE FREE.

A SONG.

BRITONS, arouse!—The vaunting foe
Now dares to brave our rage again;
But soon in thunder he shall know
The Little Island rules the main:
While other nations bend the neck
Beneath the proud Usurper's yoke,
His mad ambition let us check,
And prove we are true hearts of oak.
From age to age
Th' historic page
Records our empire on the sea;
While round our shores
Old Ocean roars,
"The Little Island shall be Free."

Our wives, our children, and our laws,
Protection claim from ev'ry hand;
And Freedom is the glorious cause—
Freedom! the Charter of our Land.
Great in ourselves, we may defy
The pow'r of mad-brain'd, haughty Gaul;
Though nations leagu'd with him should try
To work the Little Island's fall.
From age to age, &c.

What Briton would, e'en life to save,
Unarm'd in such a cause remain,
And meanly crawl the coward slave!
Gall'd by the conq'ring Tyrant's chain?
Not one—Our boast shall ever be,
When danger's near we scorn to fly:
While Britons live, they must be free,
Or sword in hand with glory die.
From age to age, &c.

A. Z.

To the accomplished MISS P———, *on her robbing me of a Rose.*

NEXT to my heart a rose I plac'd,
Emblem of Jessy's image there;
And yet, with all its beauty grac'd,
'Twas not so blooming, or so fair.

But love, which no compassion shows,
Doom'd me to feel a twofold smart—
For by her hand I lost my rose,
And by her charms I lost my heart.

 G. H.

MARY.

THE wind blew chill, the beating rain
In torrents pour'd on Mary's form,
As wrapt in grief she sought the plain,
And brav'd the fury of the storm:
Loud thunder roll'd along the sky,
The vivid lightning round her gleam'd;
Her bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
And tears adown her pale cheeks stream'd.

Oh, Henry! cruel, perjur'd youth,
How could you this fond heart deceive?
Oft' have you vow'd, with seeming truth,
You never would your Mary leave:
Ah me! this little, trembling heart
Fondly believ'd the oaths you've sworn,
And where it lov'd, could see no art—
But Mary now is left forlorn.

Yet hear me, ev'ry heav'nly pow'r,
Invoke your blessings on his head;
May no ill-fated, luckless hour
To Henry whisper—" Mary's dead!"
She spoke—But now—a stiffen'd corse,
By light'ning struck, poor Mary lay!
And Henry lives to deep remorse,
And dire despair, a lasting prey.

A. Z.

SONNET,

Written on seeing some School-boys returning from School.

BY MR. HACKETT.

AH, happy creatures! I could once, like you,
With jocund spirits, sound the echoing horn;
When life appear'd Elysium to my view,
And seem'd as tranquil as the rosy morn:
Like you, I've hail'd the transitory day,
When freedom led me from the fetter'd school,
Mounted the coach, that hurried me away
From breezes, gentle as Antonio's rule!*
Ah, mem'ry! cease to pierce me with thy pains,
Nor trace the images, alas! no more;
Nor sadly tell me that *the grave* retains
The friend who press'd me at the welcome door,
When from my playmates I had bade farewell,
And reach'd the mansion that I lov'd *too well!*

* The author's school-master.

LINES

On a Lady's giving the Author an empty Locket.

I.

WHEN you, with sweet engaging air,
Presented me this locket fair,
My heart with rapture glow'd:
Eliza's name the gift endears;
From you each trifle great appears,
Because by you bestow'd.

II.

But as the miser's glittering store
Makes him insatiate thirst for more,
T' increase his loaded chest;
So I, from former favours shown,
And by your kindness bolder grown,
Prefer a new request.

III.

For when the valued gift I view'd,
The busy thought would still intrude,
Its value to impair:
How would Eliza's gift be grac'd,
If in its chrystal folds was plac'd
A ringlet of her hair!

IV.

I would not prize the costliest gem,
That decks a monarch's diadem,
Were I of that possest:
Unenvying view the brightest stone
That e'er in regal splendor shone
Upon a royal breast.

V.

Let not Eliza then refuse
What will to her no loss produce;
Not seen from whence it came!
Its glossy brightness will outshine
The gold of rich Golconda's mine,
That glitters round its frame.

Yet

VI.

Yet should my lovely charmer spare
A beauteous ringlet of her hair,
And grant my fond request,
Will it, when next my heart 'tis plac'd,
Make her fair image more effac'd,
Or sooth that heart to rest?

VII.

Oh, no! whene'er I ardent gazè,
Each look, each smile, new wishes raise,
And faster bands entwine;
But makes me more and more admire,
But adds fresh fuel to the fire,
Until your heart is mine—

Y.

SONG.

AS despairing I wander, forsaken, forlorn,
As unheedingly onward I rove,
Full often I wish I had never been born;—
I'm abandon'd by him that I love.

Since my lover has left me, no pleasure I've known;
I'm the victim of sorrow and care.
With Henry, false youth! all my pleasure is flown;
He left me the prey of despair.

How could Henry, so lovely, so gen'rous, and kind,
From virtue thus lead me astray?
What horrible demon possessed his mind,
That to mis'ry he left me a prey!

No pleasure I've known since my honour I lost,
In my bosom no joy can I find;—
Like a bark in a storm, by the tempest that's tost,
Is my self-guilty, tormented mind.

The virtuous alone are of pleasure possess'd,
Neither anguish nor sorrow they feel:
But when Vice's full poison has enter'd the breast,
No med'cine the bosom can heal.

PETER JOSEPH BONE.

THE FARMER AND THE POET;

A TALE:

Written in consequence of a Lady of high Celebrity in the Literary World, having declared she thought it very degrading to eat.

A FARMER'S son, nam'd Richard Ravel,
Had long indulg'd a wish to *travel*;
If such a term may be apply'd
To viewing *London's* brilliant side;
For there all Dick's ideas center'd;
His father thought the boy distemper'd.
No longer would he take delight
In driving plough from morn to night;
And if he follow'd with the grain,
No single pray'r was made for rain;
Not e'en the bliss of *harvest home*
Could banish the fond wish to roam!
At length a London Friend went down,
Which gratify'd the pensive clown;
A cousin by his mother's side;
And, to increase poor Richard's pride,
This cousin claim'd the rank of poet,
If 'tis allow'd that couplets show it:
However, he was self-applauded,
Though he had never been rewarded
With an immortal crown of bays,
For all his various doggrel lays!
Yet Dick was ready to admire!
And thought he heard Apollo's lyre
Whene'er his strains the poet chaunted,
Or in rhapsodic tones had ranted;
Lines, in which sense was so confounded,
That Dick's ideas all were stounded.
The Poet, pleas'd with admiration,
Grew very fond of his relation;
Condemn'd his father for concealing
Such sense, such spirit, and such feeling!
And said, that under his tuition,
Dick's talents would acquire fruition;
And that the glorious goddess Fame
Would loudly herald Ravel's name!
Old Ravel, who had never found
A wish arise beyond his ground,
Had new ideas fill his brain,
And glory superseded grain!

The

The rays which shone on Richard's head,
He proudly thought would beam and spread,
And he should shine, from borrow'd light,
Just like the Cynthian Queen of Night!
Leave was obtain'd; they went together;
Dick's heart was light as any feather;
His mind was fraught with expectation
Of rising to some potent station!
Yet who shall paint the youth's surprise
When Russel Court first met his eyes!
A narrow stair-case they ascended,
Where sun ne'er shone, or light befriended.
The door unlock'd, a room appear'd
With plaister'd walls, and all besmear'd
With dirt and smoak: two stools were seen;
A bed, hung round with tatter'd green;
A broken table, patch'd together,
With two long strips of dirty leather;
A grate, devoid of tongs and shovel—
"Is this," cried Dick, "Your wretched hovel!
"Oh, Lord! and what a smell is here!
"In mercy let us have some air.
"Why, cousin, I can't draw my breath;
"I swear this place will be my death!"
Without attending to his guest,
The poet then unlock'd his chest,
Took out a crusty piece of cheese,
A few dried onions, and some pease;
Brisk struck a light—blew up a flame;
Whilst the poor votary of fame
Stood planet struck—not knowing whether
His wits remain'd secure together!
An old tin saucepan next was brought,
In value not worth half a groat;
In truth, seem'd like a nest for fleas,
Yet in the Poet popp'd his pease,
Then put the onions—call'd for water,
Saying, "he thought that shameful slaughter
"Made amongst beasts, and birds, and fishes,
"To gratify the taste with dishes,
"Degraded man! and felt a shock
"Whene'er he saw a mutton chop!"
"Shock'd!" exclaim'd Dick; "What shock'd to eat!"
"Yes," said the Poet, "vulgar meat!
"Why, Richard, has't thou never heard,
"A creature, neither beast or bird,
"Lives upon air? Why should not man
"Adopt the same refin'd, chaste plan?
"Instead of stuffing, like a glutton,

"His

" His stomach with the fat of mutton?
" Fumes of gross meat affect the brain,
" Clog the ideas with a chain,
" Prevent transcendent thoughts from rising,
" Which cannot be at all surprising;
" For those who study Nature's laws,
" Know that effect's produc'd by cause."
" I know," said Dick, " I've been a Fool;"
Seating himself upon a stool;
" But wiser folks might be mistaken;
" Yet, Coz. pray get a piece of bacon,
" To boil along with them there pease."
" No, that I would not e'en to please
" The Poet Laureat, ever do it;
" So, once for all, Dick, now you know it."
Dick said no more—but sudden starting,
Snatch'd up his hat, resolv'd on parting;
Went to an inn—call'd for a steak,
Yet felt as if his heart would break.
" Live upon air!" said he, " indeed;
" Yet this was not his country creed,
" For he could twitch a chicken down,
" And drink a pot of our stout brown!
" But what a fool was I for thinking
" This place, which certainly is stinking,
" Better than that pure wholesome air
" Where father lives, and drowns all care?
" But, e'er to-morrow's sun goes down,
" I'll be far distant from this town;
" And never, never, wish to travel,
" If there's belief in Richard Ravel;
" Then cultivate my father's grounds,
" And never stir beyond their bounds.

July 6th, 1803.

CHARADE BY A SAILOR.

IF master Mounseer my First should attempt,
We'll give them a broadside for glory;
To Davy's tight locker they all will be sent,
And not one left to tell their sad story!

We'll bore a few holes in their flat-bottom'd boats;
And teach master 'Parte to sing,
Pecavi to Nelson, or some other notes,
To the tune of our *God save the King!*

And

And we'll give them a taste of that pretty salt stream
Which circles our Island around;
The lustre of glory will prove but a gleam
When to get it my Second they've found!

My Whole is a title—But sure they should all
Prevail on their king to unite
His forces to England—yet that will ne'er fall,
Though destin'd unaided to fight!

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Ire-land.

Correspondence, &c.

"The Old Maid" *of* Mrs. P—— *shall be inserted in our next; having had an Essay sent us on the same subject prior to the receipt of hers. Indeed, as her Productions are, in general, of some length, we should be obliged to her to transmit them as early in the Month as possible, otherwise, from the pressure of original Matter, we must inform her, their Insertion will be liable to some delay.*

From our earnest desire to oblige all our Poetical Correspondents whose Productions we deem admissible, and the great Flow of their Favours, we think that T. B's "Wedding Day" *will prove too long for Insertion in its present State. His* "Reflections, &c." *shall appear in our next Number.*

"Damon to Ella." *and* "An Elegy on the Death of Celia's favourite, &c." *shall be inserted in our next.*

We are apprehensive that Mr. H's "Maid with a burning Kiss" *will be deemed a* lusus Naturæ *by the Readers of the Lady's Museum.*

The Verses of our Liverpool Correspondent "To Miss B——," *though delayed, are not forgotten; we hope we shall be able to give them a Place in our next Number. As also those of* I. R. *to* "Miss Mary ——'s Lap Dog."

We hope R. B. *will excuse our inserting his complimentary Verses: panegyrics on private individuals, we have before said, are inadmissible. We hope to give* Carolus *a place soon.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
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LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

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